

The Sketch

No. 1188.—Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

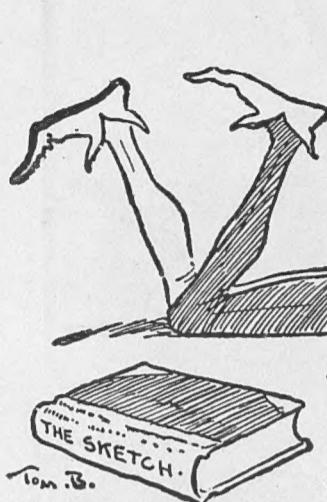


THE KING SHORTLY BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT AT THE FRONT: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO A FRENCH GENERAL.

His Majesty's accident, which fortunately proved not to be serious, was announced in the following bulletin on Oct. 28: "While the King was inspecting his Army in the Field this morning, his Majesty's horse, excited by the cheers of the troops, reared up and fell. The King was severely bruised, and will be confined to bed for the present." The bulletin of the next day said: "The King has had a fair night, with some sleep. The temperature is now 99.2 and pulse 75. His Majesty's general condition has improved, and no complications

have arisen." The accident occurred just after the King had finished the second of two reviews. The mare he was riding reared up as the troops close by suddenly broke into cheers, and fell over, rolling slightly on to his leg. His Majesty landed in France on Oct. 21. On the 26th, with General Joffre and President Poincaré, he reviewed the French Second Colonial Corps near Amiens. He is here seen talking to General Ebener, who is wearing the new steel helmets, and giving the usual cavalry salute with lowered sword.

Photograph by S. d'A.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Information in Bulk.

I have been compelled of late to spend a large part of my life in trains. Nothing short of a World War would have induced me to do that, but every cloud has a silver lining. I have made a discovery. I have discovered why my friends and acquaintances are usually so much better informed than myself. I have discovered why they know the secrets of the Courts of Europe, and why they can place their fingers unerringly on the weak spot in any diplomatic move, or the incredible foolishness of any person in authority. They read the papers.

Hitherto, I have read the news and any special feature that happened to appeal to me. Now, in the train, I read the paper all through, and my brain teems with information. I could tell you, offhand, why Mr. Winston Churchill is the most brilliant politician in the Empire, and, just as quickly, why he is the stupidest person on earth. The papers have explained everything. I could expound for you, in a twinkling, the clever scheme with which the German diplomatists hoodwinked our Cabinet Ministers, and I could follow up that exposition with a scathing indictment of the crassness of Berlin.

It is all in the papers. My friends never told me how they came to be so wise; I have found them out. If the War goes on long enough, and I still have the honour of helping to turn a wheel, I shall know all that there is to know about every subject under the sun.

In the Matter of Bulbs.

For example. For some years past I have employed a jobbing gardener. This gentleman discovered, before we had been in conversation eight seconds, that I knew nothing whatever about gardens or gardening. From that moment he has treated me with a brutal frankness that makes me afraid to do anything in the garden but pay him his salary.

That is all changed. Snatching a few moments the other morning before hurrying away to catch my train, I went into the garden. He gave me an indifferent nod—a nod perfectly adapted to the merits of a person who knows nothing about gardens. But he was mistaken.

"Good-morning," said I.

"Morning," he repeated.

"What are you doing about bulbs this year?" I pursued.

"Putting 'em in," he replied.

"Yes, I know. But what bulbs are you putting in?"

"Oh, some nice bulbs," he explained wearily.

"I hope they are. I want to have a good show next spring. You should have asked me what bulbs I required."

"Eh?" He straightened his back and stared at me with unfeigned astonishment. Then he removed his cap, scratched the crown of his head with his little finger, and put the cap on again. He was playing out time and waiting for assistance.

"You should have consulted me," I said again, "before putting in the bulbs. Have you got any brodiæas in?"

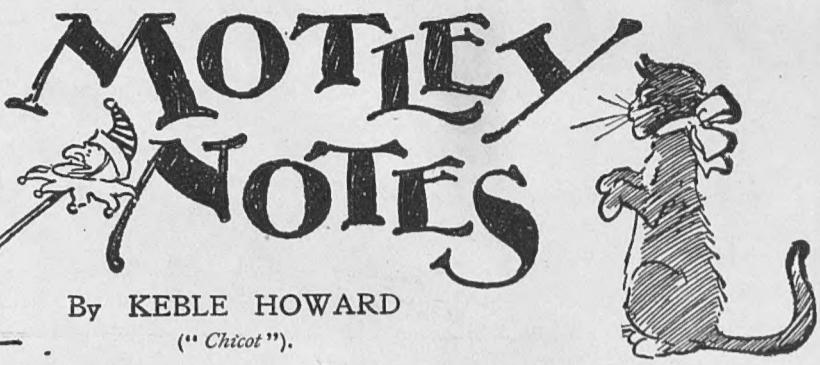
"Any what, Sir?"

"Any brodiæas?"

"Well, no, Sir, I didn't put none o' them in. There's some nice toolips."

"Oh, I don't care much about tulips. They're so common. What about camassias? And crinums? I'm very fond of crinums."

"Oh!" He scratched his head once more. No help appeared. "I didn't know as you cared about—about them." He funk'd it.



"Dear, dear! That's a great pity! At any rate, I'm sure we shall have a good show of ixolirion, erythroniums, sparaxis, and zygadenus, eh?"

The wretched fellow almost paled. He tried to dig his spade into the earth, but his hand trembled, and he merely hit himself on the boot.

"O' course," he said, "I can put in anything as you fancies."

"Very good. Do that. Put in all those I mentioned, and don't forget the tecophilea. What about a dash of calochorti? Or is the garden too exposed for them?"

"Well, it is exposed, in a way, and then again it isn't."

"I see. Thanks very much. Have you any habranthus about you?"

"No, Sir, not for the moment."

"Ah, get some at once. Get a lot of that. And plenty of anomatheca. Mind you don't forget. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

I walked off to catch my train, exulting. He had called me "Sir" four times. Which shows that, if you read the paper long enough and steadily enough, and remember what you read, you are more than half-way to winning the respect of your fellow-men. But woe betide you when you meet the man who finds you out!

The Window-Blind.

Another discovery in connection with train-riding. I have discovered that some window-blinds will not stay down, that nothing in the world will persuade them to stay down, and that the public, in consequence, are not always to blame. I spent an hour the other night, and ruined a clean pair of gloves, trying to make a blind stay down. Fortunately, I was all alone in the carriage. I determined not to be mastered by that blind. I took off my coat and went at it again. I got it down, held it down, even fixed it down. Then the train gave a slight jerk, and up flew the blind with a bang.

I was not beaten. I put my hat in the rack, placed my stick where it could not get broken in the frav, thrust my coat and waistcoat under the seat, set my teeth, and sprang at that blind. For quite a long time, I held it down. At last, gingerly, I let go. Joy! It stayed!

"You see," said I, sinking back on the seat and apostrophising a touching coloured photograph of children on the sands, "patience and determination will overcome all difficulties, no matter how great. That was the lesson I learned in childhood, and this night it has been put to the proot."

I was grimy, perspiring, but happy. I felt under the seat for my waistcoat, and was just putting it on when we bumped over some points and—up went the blind! With a savage snarl, I flung myself at it once again. It must have been a hideous sight. Imagination boggles—as they say, those vivid ones—at the picture. I think I bled in several places, and I know the blind was torn.

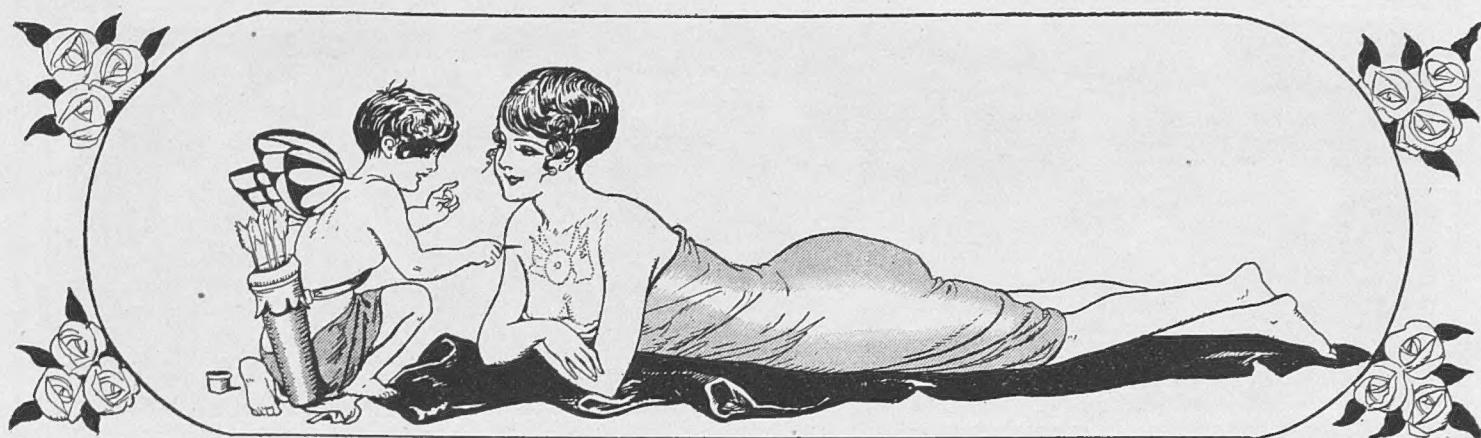
Presently we sailed into a station. The blind was well up. I felt that the matter must be explained. Hailing a porter, I said to him, hiding my dusty and bleeding nose with a handkerchief, "This blind won't stay down. You had better take the number of the compartment, and report the matter."

The porter laughed—actually *laughed*! (Note for Letter to the Press: "Are All Porters Huns?")

"That ain't my job," said the fellow. "I ain't a carriage-inspector."

We left that train together, the blind and I.

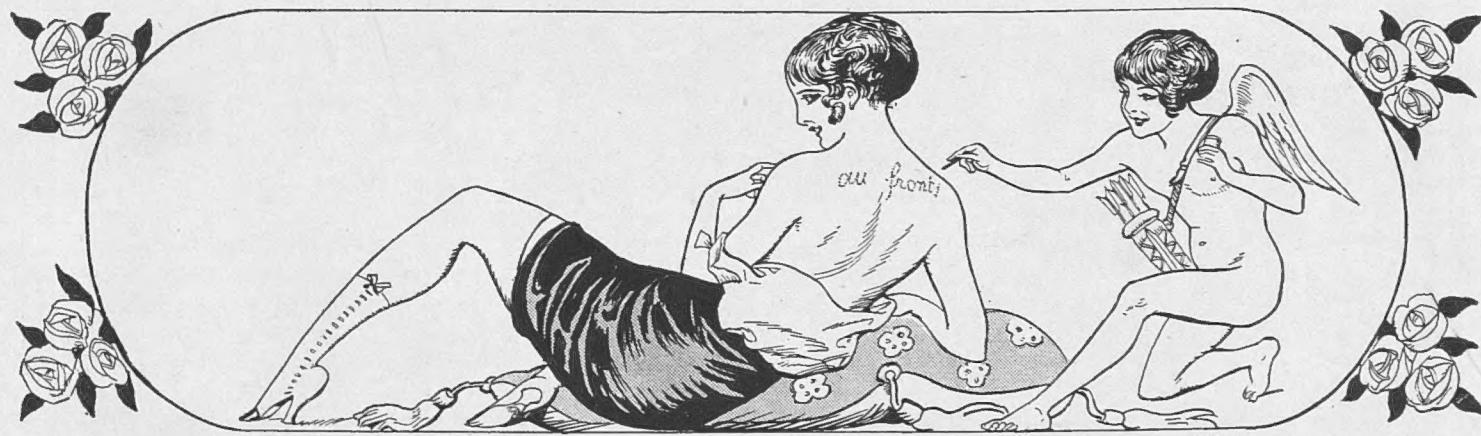
VANITIES OF VALDES: MILITARY TATTOOS.



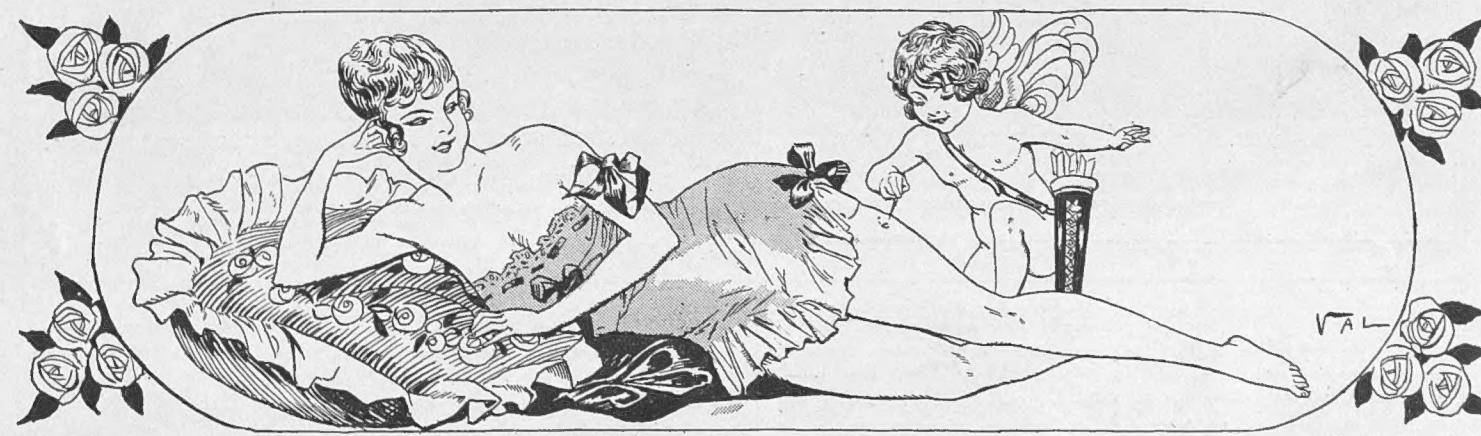
IT IS SAID THAT TATTOOING IS TO BECOME FASHIONABLE. IF IT DOES, THE PATRIOT MAY HAVE THE FLAGS OF THE ALLIES PRINTED ON HER CHEST—FOR EVENING WEAR.



THE LOVE-HEART MAY BE POPULAR—WITH NAME OF SWEETHEART (POSSIBLY NOT IN INDELIBLE INK!)



THEN, WHERE MR. MEESON'S WILL WAS INSCRIBED, THERE MAY BE PLACE AND NAME.



FINALLY—THIS POSITION MAY BE CHOSEN FOR BATHING—DRESS WEAR.

CHARITY; RECRUITING; ACTING: PEOPLE—AND A SCENE.



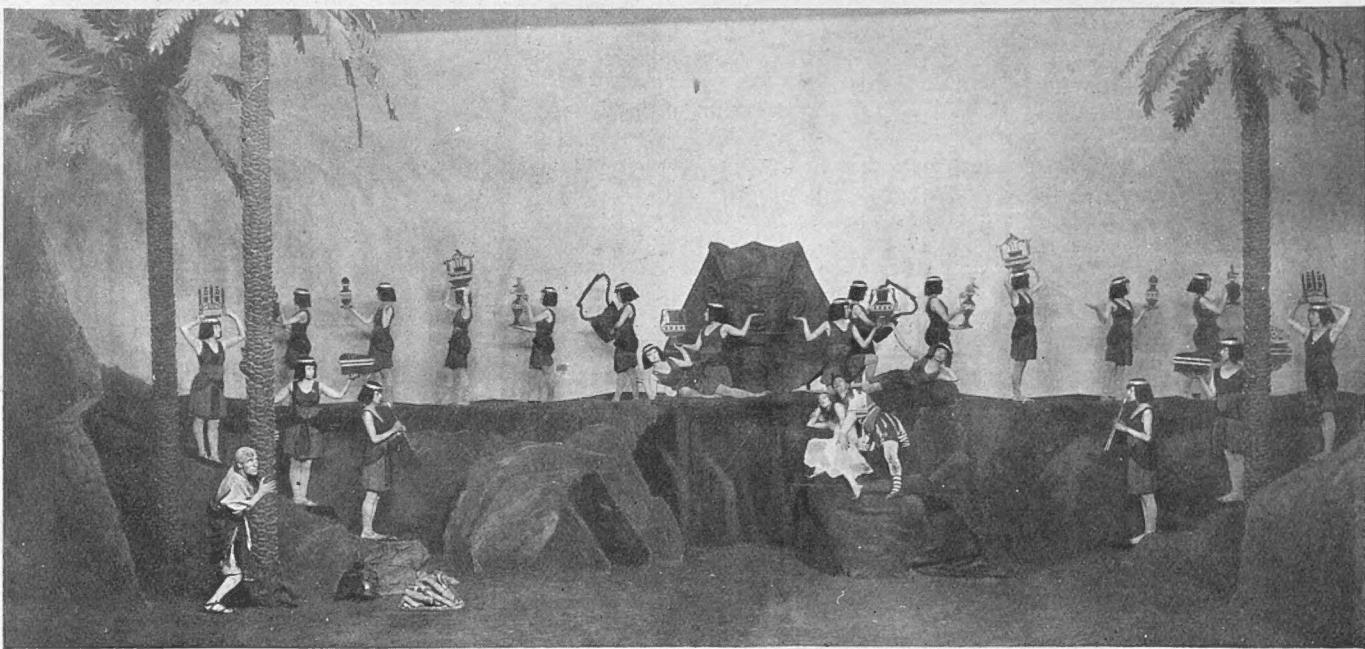
AT A RED CROSS "AT HOME" AT COUNTESS GROSVENOR'S: LADY MARY ASHLEY, COUNTESS NADA TORBY, LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY, COUNTESS GROSVENOR, COUNTESS TORBY, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, AND LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY.



HOLDING A UNIQUE POSITION AS THE ONLY OFFICIAL PAID LADY-RECRUITER: MISS GLADYS STOREY.



STAR AND STAR-GAZER: M. LEON MORTON OF "MORE" LOOKING AT A CARICATURE OF HIMSELF AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

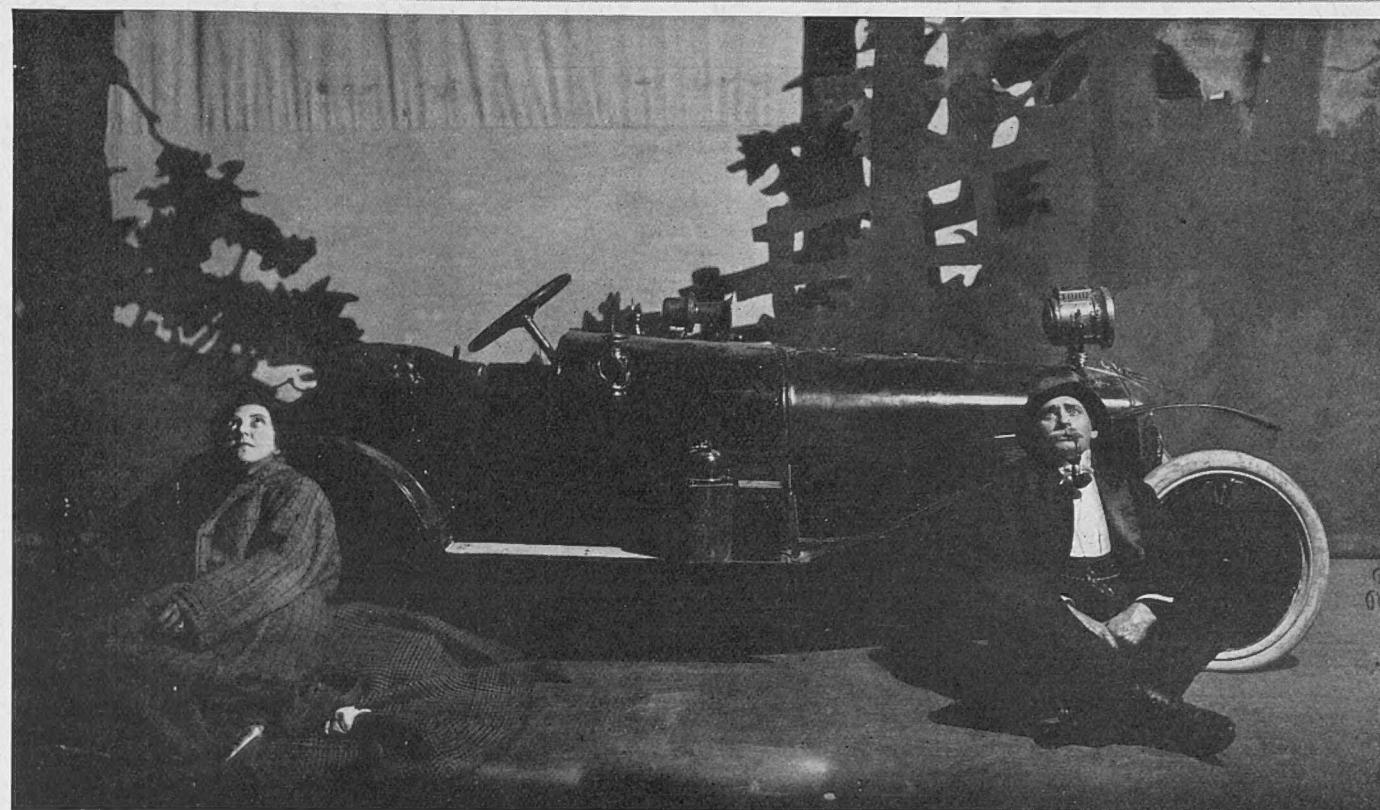


IN "THE SPIRIT OF EGYPT" SCENE IN "NOW'S THE TIME," AT THE ALHAMBRA: THE LIVING AND MOVING FRIEZE—WITH ANTONY (MR. MOROZOFF) AND CLEOPATRA (MISS MONKMAN) ON THE ROCK IN FRONT.

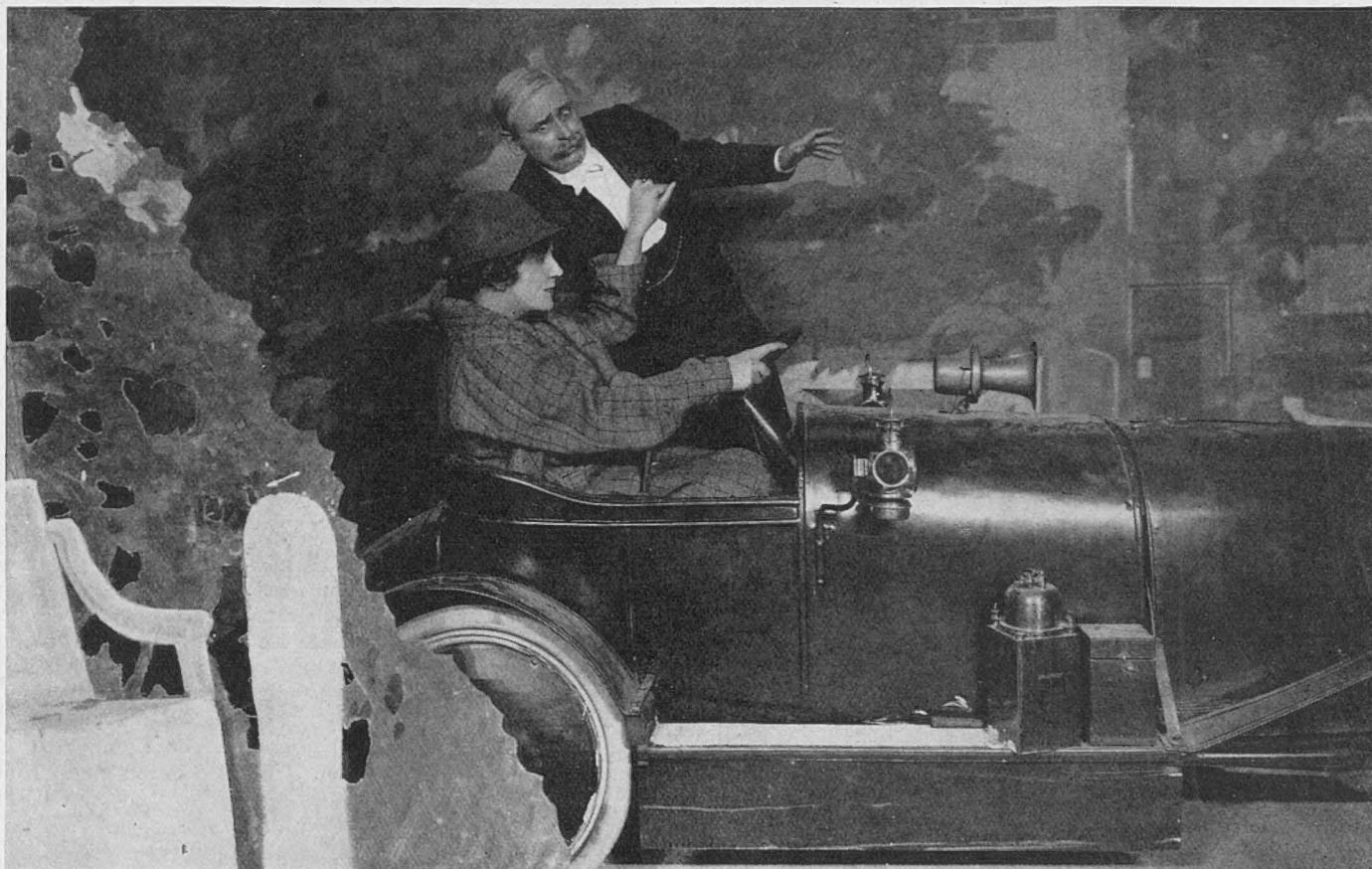
The group of Society ladies in our first photograph, under whose auspices the Red Cross "At Home" was held at 35, Park Lane, the residence of the Countess Grosvenor, comprise these, reading from left to right: Lady Mary Ashley, Countess Nada Torby, Lady Dorothea Ashley, Countess Grosvenor, Countess Torby, Countess Zia Torby, and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley. Lady Mary and Lady Dorothea Ashley are daughters of the Earl of Shaftesbury; Countess Torby and the Countesses Zia and Nada Torby, the wife and daughters of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia; Countess Grosvenor, the widow of Earl Grosvenor, eldest son of the first Duke of Westminster (who died

in 1884), and of the late Right Hon. George Wyndham.—Miss Gladys Storey, whose recruiting work has been remarkably successful, is the daughter of the well-known R.A. She organised and controls the fund which has supplied Bovril to over a quarter of a million men in the trenches.—M. Leon Morton, the celebrated comedian appearing at the Ambassadors' in "More" (three new scenes, it be noted, have just been added) is between-while a keen astronomer—a somewhat exceptional hobby for his profession. He makes his observations with a special telescope which he has had fitted in his London flat.

WHEN SUBURBIA MEETS BOHEMIA: "IRIS INTERVENES."



WHERE BOHEMIA AND SUBURBIA BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER: IRIS IRANOVNA (MISS LENA ASHWELL) AND HENRY CUMBERS (MR. A. E. GEORGE) STAR-GAZING BESIDE THEIR BROKEN-DOWN MOTOR ON THE DOVER ROAD.



"THIS IS ABSURD: LET ME GET OUT"—"KEEP STILL! WE'RE OFF": SUBURBIA, IN THE PERSON OF HENRY CUMBERS, HAS TO GIVE WAY TO BOHEMIA, IN THE PERSON OF IRIS, AND DRIVE OFF IN PURSUIT OF A THIEF.

The author of "Iris Intervenes," at the Kingsway, Mr. John Hastings Turner—another new dramatist discovered by Miss Lena Ashwell—is quite young, and in the Army. The production was hastened so that he might be able to see it. The main motif of the play is a conflict of wills between a highly respectable suburban householder, Henry Cumbers, and a fascinating Bohemian termagant, Iris Olga Iranovna, who becomes his next-door neighbour at Golders Green, where she settles to live down an inconvenient episode in her past. Cumbers disapproves of her day-time low-cut dresses, and, when she calls, is extremely rude. She determines to reduce him to submission, and gets a chance to do so when some important papers belonging to

him are stolen. Iris makes her lover, a Russian, stop the thief. It is decided that the lover and the thief should fight for them, and the thief departs in a motor-car apparently victorious. Thereupon Iris whisks off the reluctant Cumbers in another car in pursuit, but they have a breakdown and find themselves stranded on the Dover Road. Under the genial influence of the moonlight they come to understand each other better, and peace is declared between Bohemia and Suburbia. Subsequently it transpires that the lover had extracted the stolen papers from the thief's pocket before the fight, and he restores them to Cumbers. Iris and her Russian eventually make a match of it.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



THE CLUBMAN

MISS CAVELL—GERMANY v. THE WORLD: GERMANY AND THE SUEZ CANAL: GERMAN GIRLS' FUTURE.

War Treason. I am quite sure that the German civil and military authorities in Belgium are genuinely astonished at the outburst of horror and disgust with which the judicial murder of Miss Edith Cavell has been received by the whole civilised world that is free to express its opinion. It must all have seemed so delightfully simple to them. They wished to check the escapes of concealed French and British soldiers, and to prevent the young Belgians in Belgium from joining the army of the gallant young King. Just in the nick of time an Englishwoman was betrayed into their hands, an Englishwoman who did not deny the charges brought against her. What could be more simple than to kill her as a warning to the other women? That she should be sent to her death for "war treason," and that women of other nationalities should be reprieved, would be a timely hint to Great Britain that Germany's hate of our country is as violent now as ever it was.

German Astonishment. Of course, Great Britain, so these Germans thought, would protest loudly (there would be no sport in murdering an Englishwoman if the deed did not horrify her country); but that America and all the other neutral countries should speak of the deed as a foul blot on Germany's escutcheon, and talk and write of Miss Cavell's execution as a dastardly murder, must have filled them with genuine wonder. The representatives in Belgium of the United States and of Spain might be a little sore, they thought, that it was necessary to bamboozle them in order that their protests should be useless; but that the world at large should make all this fuss concerning a mere woman shot in the dead of night in a Belgian prison must have appeared to Von Bissing and his fellow-malefactors as a most extraordinary thing.

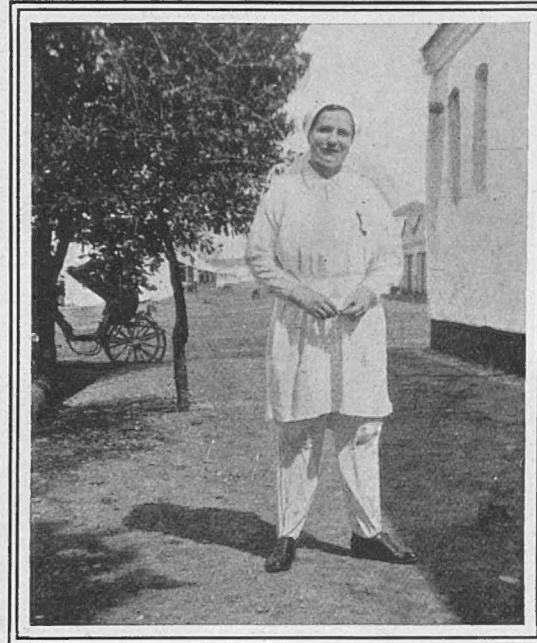
Nightingale and Cavell. I have no doubt that the name of Edith Cavell will be held in the memory of British men and women just as that of Florence Nightingale has been. Both women tended the sick and dying in hospital, both heroines counted their lives as nothing so long as they did what they saw to be their duty. Florence Nightingale will always be the Lady of the Lamp, moving through the pestilential hospitals on the Bosphorus where in Crimean days the wounded British soldiers lay; history, in telling of the German outrages and crimes, will place a specially pathetic emphasis on the story of the other gentle nurse coming out in the dead of night to face the firing-squad, and forgiving them and her judges for their black deed.

A German Dream. One of the favourite plans at the present time of the German military authorities—that is, if the German newspapers are to be believed—is the destruction of the Suez Canal. Their strategists

believe that, if everything goes well for them in their Balkan adventure, they will be able to strengthen the Turks to such an extent that a successful advance over the desert will be possible, even if the occupation of Egypt is not within their power. To destroy the canal so effectually that British shipping would be unable to use it for some months would be, the Germans think, a serious blow to British commerce, and might even lead to the end of the war. One matter there is which the German soldier strategists always ignore—that the Allies have the command of the sea, and that a Turco-German army marching through Syria and advancing by the only road through the Desert of Moses over which a great force could move would always present a flank to an attack from the sea.

Halil Bey.

If Halil Bey is not disguising his thoughts by his talk, he is by no means anxious that Germany should use the Turkish Army as her advanced guard on a march of conquest south-eastwards. Halil Bey, in spite of his forbidding exterior—for he is repulsively fat—is one of the cleverest of the Young Turks, and, as Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, has done his full share in bringing Constantinople under the domination of Germany. He is now Foreign Minister at the Porte, and it may well



IN HER VERMIN-PROOF COSTUME: A BRITISH NURSE AT USKUB, WHICH FELL INTO BULGARIAN HANDS.

The exigencies of the work at the War Hospital at Uskub, in which Lady (Ralph) Paget is actively interested, render necessary the donning of a vermin-proof costume, as shown in our picture of a nurse dressed for duty. Although Uskub fell into Bulgarian hands, it is not anticipated that the work of the Hospital was interfered with.

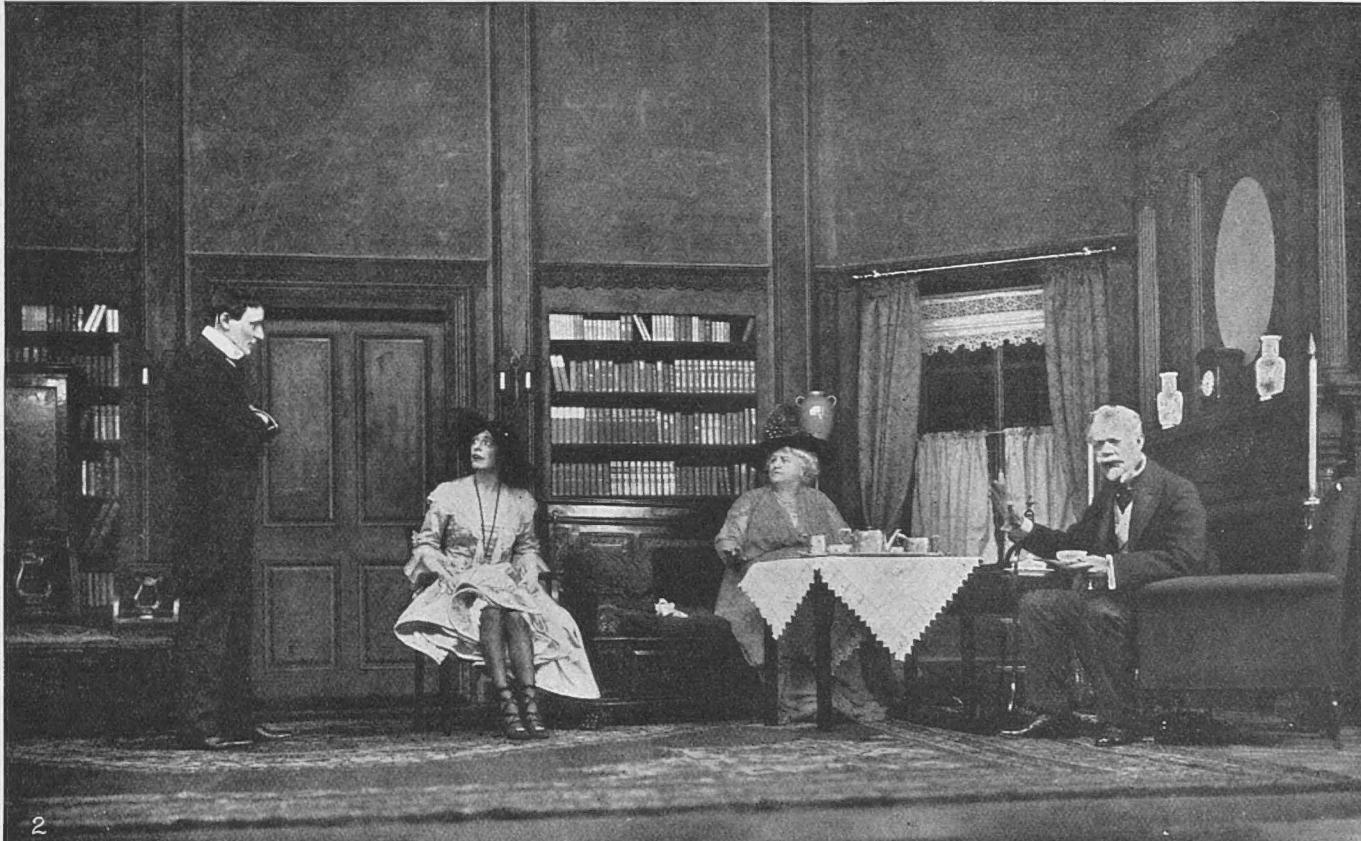


IN A SERBIAN CITY WHICH FELL INTO BULGARIAN HANDS, AND WHERE LADY (RALPH) PAGET'S HOSPITAL HAS HAD ITS STATION: A LADY IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

be that his own countrymen fear that in that capacity he will be more Pro-German than the Germans themselves. He has therefore let it be understood that he will not welcome the Germans in Constantinople if they come to exploit his country, but that he will be glad to see them should they come to collaborate with the Turks in the re-establishment of the Turkish Empire. Asked whether he favoured an attempted invasion of Egypt, he replied that the consolidation of the Turkish Empire nearer home was the most urgent problem to be faced. What Greece and Roumania—and Bulgaria, for that matter—will think of Halil Bey's enigmatic words remains to be seen.

Plural Marriages. From America comes the startling suggestion that in Germany plural marriages, after the war, will be encouraged and legalised in order that the population of that Empire shall as soon as possible regain its proper proportion of males. Startling as the proposal is, it is by no means a new one, and was to a certain extent put in practice after the Thirty Years' War. Official Germany has gone no further than discussing whether, at the close of the war, the legal age for marriage shall be abolished and State premiums given to large families; also, on the other hand, whether bachelors and old maids shall not be heavily taxed. The taxing of old maids seems a very unfair proposal, for it is generally not their fault that they have remained in single blessedness.

HEART TROUBLES—TWO: "THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER."



1. AN INCIDENT THAT CAUSES THE HERO TO SUSPECT THE HEROINE OF MURDER: HARLEY NAPIER (MR. H. B. IRVING) WATCHES ESTHER (MISS JESSIE WINTER) REPLACE THE POISON.

2. "LOOK HERE! BROOMSTICKS—AND THEY USED TO BE THE PRETTIEST PROPS IN TOWN": LADY CAMBER (MISS MAY LESLIE STUART) SHOWS THE SPECIALIST, HARLEY NAPIER, HER SHRUNKEN SHANKS.

Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play, "The Case of Lady Camber," recently produced at the Savoy Theatre, has a medical, as well as a matrimonial interest. Thus it may be said to be in two senses a case of cardiac affection. Lady Camber, once a light of musical comedy, is the wife of a not-too-faithful Peer. She develops heart trouble, and is on the way to improvement as resident-patient in the house of a famous specialist, when she begins to suspect the pretty nurse who attends her of too friendly relations with Lord Camber. After a furious outburst against them, she is seized with a heart-attack, and dies. Now the famous specialist had invented a new poison, and he sees the

pretty nurse, whom he loves, putting back the bottle containing it into a medicine cupboard. Having also heard stories about the nurse and Lord Camber, he suspects her of having poisoned Lady Camber. Eventually, however, the pretty nurse's innocence is proved, and all ends happily for her and the famous specialist. In the lower photograph, the figures are, from left to right, Mr. H. B. Irving as Harley Napier, the specialist; Miss May Leslie Stuart as Lady Camber; Miss Kate Bishop as Lady Matilda Rye; and Mr. Holman Clark as Sir Bedford Slufer, F.R.C.P., the specialist's medical colleague.



SMALL TALK

LADY Helen Grosvenor, whose engagement to Lord Henry Seymour was announced last week, has never been overburdened with the cares and responsibilities of her relationship to the Duke of Westminster. She is, it is true, his aunt; but she has, in that capacity, been at a disadvantage. She was born his aunt; she was his aunt when she was in the cradle; and by the time she had reached the age of ten years her nephew was old enough to give her dolls and pat her on the head. The Duke has only two aunts older than himself, but he has great-aunts to venerate whenever he is overwhelmed with the need for veneration.

At No. 25. Lady Rocksavage (herself a Sassoon) Lady Headfort, and a number of other smart women visited Sir Philip Sassoon's smartest of houses in Park Lane for the Countess of Clonmell's bridge tournament. A bridge tournament somehow suggests Ealing and town-halls rather than Mayfair; and another incongruity was Sir Philip's French furniture. It was hardly calculated to set one dreaming of the Milk Hostels for which the assembly devoutly played their cards. No. 25 is a house well supplied with Georgian cream-jugs, but of anything more prosaic in the dairy line there was no reminder except the legend on our invitation-cards.

Dainty Rogues The truth is that the most elegant *Converted*. French furniture and the most elaborate gowns are not sufficient to keep us trivial in this time of seriousness. Lady Clonmell is all earnestness about her campaign, and has splendid allies in Lady Rocksavage—the heroine of a Sargent triumph on the line at a recent Academy—and in Lady Headfort, who sat for the portrait of the year only a year ago. We think of those portraits now, and remember that in each of them the artist discovered something more than mere prettiness, the mere prettiness that belongs to "dainty rogues"—and dairymaids—"in porcelain," but which has seldom, in the past, been associated with such lowly domesticities as the question of clean and sufficient milk for the poor of the large towns.

been arrived at. While Mr. Neville Lytton is soldiering in an extraordinarily capable and enthusiastic way, Lord Lytton still finds time for work on some of the social reforms that are near his heart. If it had not been for the war, he and his committee would have been able by now to report the removal of all children from workhouses. But the war, if it delays reform, increases Lord Lytton's usefulness,

for it increases the number of children who come under State control. So, too, with the work undertaken by the Duchess. Her speech the other day was a masterpiece of earnestness and sweetness, and afforded a remarkable contrast with an eminent scientist's somewhat crude address to the same audience on the falling-off in the "supply of infants."

A Kindly Queen. While bridge flourished at No. 25, a few good pictures were being offered for sale, in the interests of the Red Cross, higher up, at No. 35—the Countess Grosvenor's town house. Most things sell on such amiable occasions, but the inclination of the moment is to be charitable in the giving away of pictures rather than in buying them. The other day the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos presented three or four of her own paintings to the good cause. Somebody pays for them, we suppose, but the regular collectors, like the artists, are doing nothing but give, and give, and give. One admirable exception to this rule must be noted. Last week Queen Alexandra went to a Bond Street gallery and liked a water-colour of peonies by Miss Ethel Morgan. Three years ago, had she seen the same water-colour on the same wall, she would have bought it. This year, the war—well, we know the usual tags. But her Majesty bought it all the same!

A "Down" on the Duke. Lady Elcho, like the Marchioness of Tullibardine, is going

Eastwards for the sake of a fighting lord. The vaguer and vaster the field of operations, the more anxious does a wife become to get to a place where she can meet her husband, or his letters, half-way. Lemnos for a time was regarded as a desirable



ENGAGED TO MR. HUGO H. HOUSTOUN:
THE HON. MAISIE DUNDAS.

Much interest has been caused by the announcement of the engagement of the Hon. Maisie Violet Annabella Dundas, elder daughter of the late Viscount Melville and Violet, Viscountess Melville, of 11, Lowndes Street, S.W. Miss Dundas was born in 1892. Mr. Hugo Henry Houstoun is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Houstoun, of Wolverton House, Bucks. The marriage is arranged to take place about the end of November.

Photograph by Ehrna Macgillivray.



TO MARRY LADY HELEN GROSVENOR:
LORD HENRY SEYMOUR.

Lord Henry Seymour, who is to marry Lady Helen Grosvenor, is a son of the late Marquess of Hertford, and is a Major in the Grenadier Guards. He fought in South Africa, 1900-1902, and was wounded last year while on active service in Cameroons. Lady Helen is the youngest daughter of the first Duke of Westminster and Katharine Duchess of Westminster, and was born in 1888, and is an aunt of the present Duke.—Miss Gertrude Oakes is the younger daughter of Colonel R. Oakes, R.F.A., of The Warren,

Photograph of Lord Henry Seymour, by Langfier; Captain



AN INTERESTING WEDDING: CAPTAIN M. T. CRAMER-ROBERTS AND
MISS GERTRUDE OAKES (TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY NOV. 3).

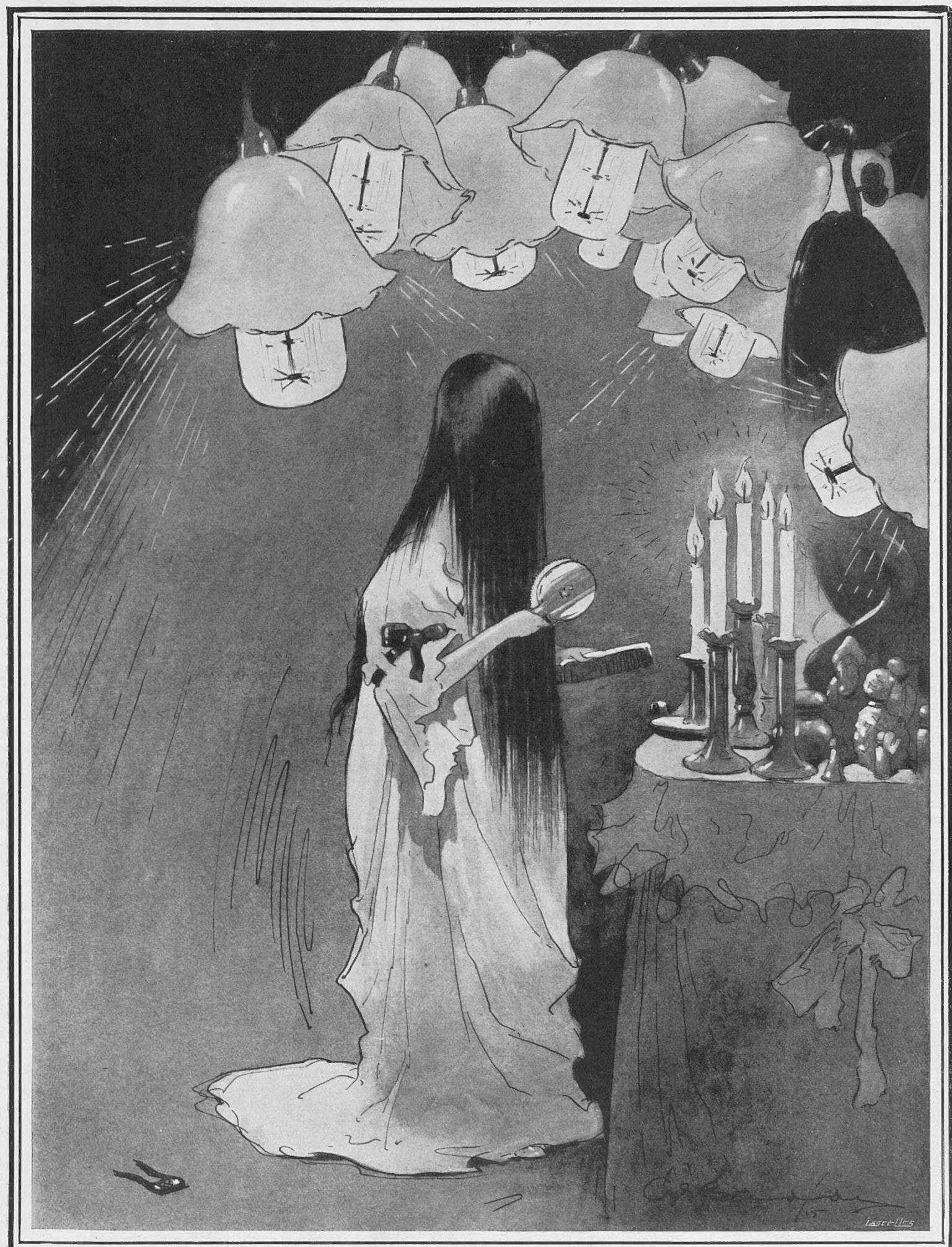
Captain Cramer-Roberts, D.S.O., 4th Gurkha Rifles, is the younger son of Mr. H. T. Cramer-Roberts, of The Gables, Neston, Cheshire. The marriage is arranged to take place quietly on Nov. 3, at Brighton.—Lieutenant W. S. Carson, R.N., of H.M.S. "Thames," is the younger son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., M.P., K.C., and is engaged to Miss V. T. Richardson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taswell Richardson, of Chastleton House, Oxfordshire.



TO MARRY MISS V. T. RICHARDSON:
LIEUTENANT W. S. CARSON, R.N.

The Old Problems. The great distraction of war has made it all the more necessary for a few people to attend to the old problems. So thinks the Duchess of Marlborough, and so thinks Lord Lytton, in whose family a fair division of labour has

place of call, but most people have to be content with Egypt. Lady Elcho, by the way, was described the other day in a morning paper as "Lord Rutland's second daughter"—strange in a period much given to promotions.

People who Ought to be Strafed.

VI.—THE WIFE WHO CAN'T SEE TO BRUSH HER HAIR WITHOUT BURNING SEARCHLIGHTS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

THE King has several side-interests in common with his new Field Officer in Waiting, Colonel Richardson-Drummond-Hay. For one thing, the Colonel has been a stamp-collector, and is at heart still a stamp-collector. The war, which is going to throw so many issues out of print and bring so many new ones into circulation, has enlarged the field and revived many a sub-conscious monomania for the album. Active collecting is postponed, of course, but many collectors at present in khaki are promising themselves long evenings with their stamps when they are once more smoking the pipe of peace. For the time being, however, the King, for one, is going to his albums only to drag from their paper riches specimens which he wishes to contribute to Red Cross sales and other charities.

Nellie Hozier.

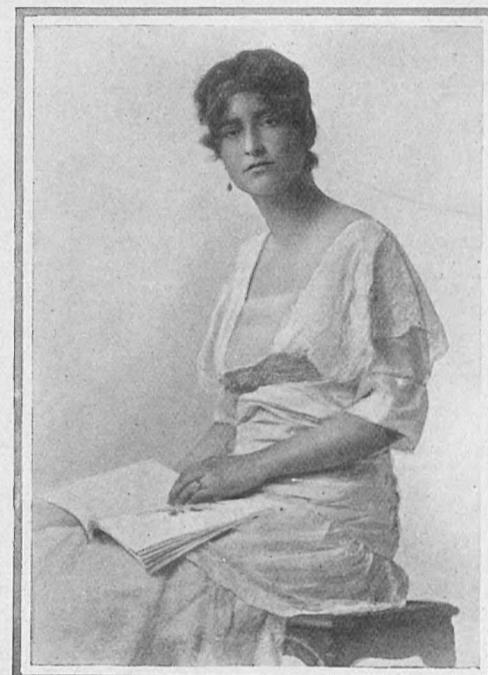
Miss Nellie Hozier is in love with her future name; everything else being equal, she would sooner be a Romilly than a Mauleverer, a de Trafford, a Sackville, a Cameron, a Seymour, a Lennox, or even a Churchill. Everything else is more than equal. Hers is not a case, however, in which the change is to rid her of a mouthful, like that of the lady of Lord Brabourne's family who shed her patronymic Knatchbull-Hugessen the other day at the altar. Knatchbull-Hugessen pronounces better than it looks, but at the best it is a little heavy for a fair maiden. The name that suits Miss Hozier is, happily, the one she keeps; she is almost the only Nellie of her generation, and a perfect Nellie at that.



TO MARRY MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD HASLAM
MISS MARGARET DOLORES LOMAX.

Miss Lomax is the daughter of Mrs. E. D. Lomax, and is the clever artist whose sketches are a feature of our "Vogues and Vanities" page, to the pleasure of our readers. Mr. Haslam is the eldest son of Mr. William Haslam, of White Bank, Bolton.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

The Whip Hand. One of the first Englishwomen to get to Serbia for Red Cross work was the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield. She has been running a hospital, with all the usual difficulties, and with all her accustomed pluck in meeting them. At one time her water-supplies, supposed to be delivered daily at her door by the Serbian authorities, did not turn up. The need of her patients and staff was pressing: she went along the road and commandeered the first water-cart she overtook. Those of us who remember Mrs. Haverfield's business-like way of negotiating a Suffrage news-cart through London's traffic can quite understand her competence in dealing with one lonely Serbian water-carrier.



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE MARWOOD NOTLEY:
MISS VIOLET LONG.

Miss Long is the daughter of Mrs. Long, of Harrington Gardens, S.W., and grandchild of the late Edwin Long, R.A. Mr. Notley, of St. Andrew Estate, Kuala, Selangor, Federated Malay States, is the eldest son of the Rev. I. T. S. and Mrs. Notley, of Diptford Rectory, South Brent, Devon.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Churchill, and the Aga Khan—the old friend, apparently, of everybody present—foregathered the other night between the acts, and seemed entirely unoppressed by the "feel" of Zeppelins in the air that not seldom weighs upon the stay-at-homes.

A Wertheimer Sister Engagement.

Miss Almina Wertheimer, who lives among her father's Sargents in Connaught Place, is engaged

to be married. The youngest of the Wertheimer girls, she comes into the family group which the great Asher—great in artistic prevision—secured from Mr. Sargent's brush before it had grown weary of portraiture. The picture of Asher himself, cigar in hand, is generally regarded as a masterpiece; and the entirely cynical French poodle at his feet is one of the best dogs ever put upon canvas—though nobody quite knows at whom it is putting out its long crimson tongue. About that, indeed, almost everyone who is privileged to see the picture expresses some curiosity, but so far apparently without receiving a satisfactory reply—and so the mystery remains. Mr. Wertheimer's future son-in-law is Mr. Antonio Faschini.



TO MARRY MR. AUGUSTINE FILOSE:
MISS CLAIRE MEYNELL.

Miss Meynell is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, of Park Hill, Richmond Hill, Surrey. Mr. Filose is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Michael Filose, K.C.I.E., and Lady Filose, of Gwalior, India.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GORDON C. LUCAS:
MISS SARA CRAIGIE.

Miss Craigie is the daughter of the late Mr. Adair Craigie, of Bombay, and Mrs. Craigie, of Lamas Hall, Norwich. Lieutenant Lucas is the son of Colonel A. G. Lucas, C.B., M.V.O., of Hobland Hall, Great Yarmouth, and is in the Royal Fusiliers.

Photograph by Sarony.

WEDDINGS AND THE WAR: SERVICE ENGAGEMENTS.



Miss Notley is daughter of the Rector of Diptford. Capt. Savage is son of the Rev. F. B. Savage, of Flushing, Cornwall.—Miss Tredcroft is daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Tredcroft. Capt. Blane is in the 60th Rifles.—Miss Phillips is daughter of Dr. John Phillips, of Brook Street. Lieut. Paul is son of Mr. William F. Paul, of Ipswich.—Miss Willoughby is daughter of the late Major Robert Le Mesurier Willoughby. Second Lieut. Brierley is son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brierley.—Miss King is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward King. Lieut. Rogers is son of Mr. Lionel Rogers, Surbiton.—Miss Ramsbotham is daughter of Mrs. Ramsbotham, of Enniskerry, Exmouth. Lieut. W. B. Bryans is son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bryans, The Manor House, Woodmansterne.—Miss Ridout is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur

Ridout, of Condercum, Benwell, Northumberland. Lieut.-Commander Philip Wodehouse is son of Prebendary P. J. Wodehouse.—Miss Hunter is daughter of Col. King Hunter, and Mrs. Hunter, Cambridge.—Miss Hughes-Hallett is daughter of Mr. N. G. Hughes-Hallett, of Derby. Capt. Pawle is son of Lieut. G. S. Pawle, Hertfordshire Regiment.—Miss Briscoe is daughter of Mrs. Briscoe, of Morton, Camberley. Capt. E. L. Bowring, D.S.O., is son of the late Sir Charles Clement Bowring and Lady Bowring.—Miss Booth is daughter of Mrs. Booth, of Shooter's Hill. Lieut. A. Chaworth-Musters is son of Mr. J. P. Chaworth-Musters, of Annesley Park, Notts.—Miss Taylor is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steward Taylor, of Kensington. Staff-Lieut. Hopwood is son of Mrs. Hopwood, The White Cottage, Walberswick.

IN THE GREAT WORLD

LADY (RALPH) PAGET.

WHEN Sir Ralph Paget left Uskub on Oct. 23, Lady Paget remained. She stayed on because she had work to do for her typhus colony, and because every hour of the day brought more work. The Bulgarians were pressing on towards the town, the wounded were pouring in. It was no moment for English nurses to quit. Even the story of Miss Cavell, which had reached Uskub some days before, was not sufficient to daunt Lady Paget and her companions. When the Bulgarians entered the town, the enemy had dispersed before them—all the enemy save a group of some twenty Englishwomen.

Her Privilege. Sir Maurice de Bunsen wires to say that the Bulgarians "have given promises of good treatment." On Lady Paget's staff are some few American and Dutch nurses, and their presence makes for safety. Reassurances are easy to formulate after the event, but we may take it that on the spot, in the din and confusion and hopelessness of a hasty evacuation, these comfortable counsels did not go for very much. The English nurses at Belgrade, after being under fire for several

when Sir Richard Arthur Surtees Paget, who had always been known by his second Christian name, decided to become Sir Richard. For a few years the two Sir Arthurs bore the annoyance of duplication; they answered each other's calls on the telephone, and were even tempted, on occasion, to pay each other's bills—when they were very trifling and insistent. But Lady (Arthur) Paget's Arthur now holds the field alone. Born in America, the child of American parents, she may, perhaps, discover in that fact additional reassurances as to her daughter's safety in Uskub. Mrs. Almeric Paget, besides, is a Whitney. As to the Pagets themselves, their resource and good fortune in rising to the occasion is proverbial.

Family Doings. There was, for instance, the soldier of the family who, when his arm was amputated, called out to the orderly who was carrying it away, "Hullo, you fellow, bring back that ring." He reminds one of the later Paget—a recent Marquess of Anglesey—whose rings were so numerous that he could never possibly have missed one of them, and whose collection of 21,357 waistcoats was one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. Paget's Horse is another of the family's successes. Nor must we forget, for swift action at a moment's notice, the Paget lady who, in years gone by, left an adorer to wait for her at one entrance of a London shop, and never came back to him. Inside, she met a second suitor of more persuasive gifts, and went out on his arm by another door, to become his wife—a real romance of the West End.

Taking the Risks. Diplomacy and war have been, and are, the arts most favoured by Lady Paget's family. By birth and by marriage she is a Paget. Diplomacy and war—such war as is allowed to women, which means nursing within sound of the guns—are doubly hers. As the wife of our Serbian Minister,



IN USKUB WHEN THE BULGARIANS OCCUPIED THE TOWN:
LADY (RALPH) PAGET.

Lady Paget is seen in the centre of the photograph, wearing the ribbon of an Order.

days, were ordered to leave the town. Lady Paget was more favoured: it is not easy to make the wife of a British Minister-Plenipotentiary do what she does not want to do. Great are the advantages of influence, and Lady Paget was allowed to risk her life!

For and Against. Lady Paget knows the Balkans well enough to appreciate the hazards of her situation. She married Sir Ralph only eight years ago, but those eight years are crowded full with all-too-vivid impressions of the "suddenness"—to put it mildly—of the peoples among whom she is working. Her father, though he enjoyed only the most ornamental view of Bulgaria and the adjacent States during his rounds as a Coronation Envoy, knows, too, something of this same "suddenness." In this country our murderers have belonged, for the most part, to places like Whitechapel, and even Muswell Hill is shy of them; they are not received at all in the best society. In the Balkans, the good-mannered man with the decorations who takes your wife in to dinner may have quite a sinister record as a participant in a Court plot. If you are peculiar, you may dislike even his good manners when you hear his story. Lady Paget knows, on the other hand, the best there is to know of the enemy peoples. Her husband's father spent many famous and happy years in Vienna and Sofia as Queen Victoria's representative.

The Pagets in Force. Lady Paget's mother is—Lady Paget: the Lady Paget of Belgrave Square, and of many famous enterprises in the cause of charity. To distinguish herself from the several Lady Pagets who get into the papers, she finds it convenient to be reported as Lady (Arthur) Paget, and further confusions were disposed of a few years ago



SERBIAN INTEREST IN LADY PAGET: PART OF A CROWD THAT GATHERED TO BID HER AU REVOIR WHEN SHE WAS LEAVING USKUB FOR A WHILE.

Lady (Ralph) Paget and her hospital staff at Uskub remained there when the Bulgarians occupied the town the other day. Sir Ralph had left on Oct. 23. The Legations had moved to Kraljevo, north-west of Nish, and it was expected that Sir Ralph had gone there.

Reproductions from Lady Paget's "With Our Serbian Allies," published by the Serbian Relief Fund, 5, Cromwell Road, S.W.

she was popular in the best sense in Belgrade; as a war nurse she has proved her heroism.

War Work. In Lady Paget's little book, "With Our Serbian Allies," we learn the origin of her Third Reserve Hospital at Uskub. In the opening weeks of the Great War, events in the Balkans passed almost unnoticed. But "the gallantry and success with which the Serbian Army in the course of August and September repelled the boasted 'punitive expeditions' of Austria-Hungary soon aroused a new feeling of interest and admiration." This led to an appeal for the Serbian wounded, and Lady Paget, who had wide experience of Balkan hospital work in the wars of 1912-13, went out as "administrator of the Serbian Relief Fund's First Unit."

SENDING COMFORTS TO OUR FIGHTING MEN.



WIDOW OF A GALLANT SOLDIER WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION LAST YEAR: THE HON. MRS. HENRY LYNDHURST BRUCE (FORMERLY MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD).

Our readers will recall that the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, who was the eldest living son of Lord Aberdare and a Captain in the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion of the Royal Scots, was killed in action towards the end of last year. Mrs. Bruce, whose stage name, it will be recalled, was Miss Camille Clifford, was born in Denmark, and brought up in the United States. She made her stage débüt at the Broadway Theatre,

New York, thirteen years ago, and was first seen in London in 1904, in "The Prince of Pilsen," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She won much popularity, particularly as a typical Gibson Girl of the stage. In 1906, Miss Camilla Antoinette Clifford, to give her her full maiden name, married Mr. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce. She is hard at work sending comforts to the troops at the front.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS

TO LONELY SOLDIERS



WHAT SOME LITTLE BIRDS WERE SAYING! BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HERE is a funny little story from the front. Says "A Mere Sub." in his letter to me: The other evening I was on duty *dans les tranchées* at about dusk when a most extraordinary noise was heard which seemed to come from the German lines. 'Hans got a gramophone, Sir,' said a sergeant, turning to me. 'Listen, you can hear the song in German.' I listened, and the sound seemed to be coming nearer, when presently a flock of geese flapped over our heads uttering their weird cry, and settled down some way behind the trench.

"The sergeant's reputation as a linguist (if ever he had one) was ruined, and presently he departed, muttering something about having to change sentries.

"Some time later I happened to be in the same part of the trench, and one of the sentries said to me, 'The Germans have got some new recruits in, Sir.' 'Oh,' I said, thinking he had spotted something unusual, 'how do you know that?' 'Well, Sir,' he replied, 'them geese was over there to teach them the goose-step!'

"It tickled me immensely. I always found that Tommy has some very appropriate remark to make. It's wonderful to me how they always keep so cheery."

Thank you, "Mere Sub.," for the anecdote, which tickled me too, and for the other flattering paragraphs, which I am not quoting but which made me vastly vain—it's very bad form, being already afflicted with this chronic disease.

One of you who is looking forward to a leave shortly asks me what show to share with Her when he comes up. I'd let her lead you, if I were you. You and She and me—how much more homely *me* than *I*, don't you think?—and *me* then, may not have the same taste at all. To begin with, will you be going to the show with some spare interest for the stage? Is She good to listen to, or good to look at, or both? Also, is She a sophisticated flapper, or a much simpler soul of some thirtysummers? It all depends, you see.

Pity you were not in town on "Our Day" to take Her to the Empire matinée. The two Queens, Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra, were present. It was crammed full of good things and people and funny incidents, and the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John are two thousand guineas the more efficient for it. You English are really geniuses at organising cheerful charities.

You won't be able to see Gaby for two years, because Gaby is gone to New York's neutral shores. She is gone, feathers, fair hair, frills, furs, and all—won't the Customs men over there have the toil and the treat of their lively life among Gaby's boxes?

But, if Gaby's gone, Lily Elsie has come back—aren't you glad? It will give quite a pre-war flavour to your holiday, won't it? Yes, take Her to see "Mavourneen." The costumes have a

glorious glow that pleases the eye now that "we have all thrown ourselves at the negro's head, and a marooned one at that," as Germaine the Imp said the other day—she must treat even Fashion frivolously! Do not run away with the idea that we, weak women, afraid of the so-much-discussed spinsterhood ahead, are pursuing some dusky *parti*. No, *n'ayez pas peur*; when you come back you will find us *all* waiting for you as now—*embarras du choix*, what? The while we sell flags, play bridge in Park Lane palaces (which is another way of churning the milk of human kindness, as Lady Clonmell might tell you), and making ourselves generally and specially decorative—and useful too, some of us. Let me explain.

"*Tête-de-nègre*," which is the French for negro's head and the fashionable shade for the autumn, is a soft, dull, blackish brown; it used to be called marron, but "*tête-de-nègre*" sounds certainly much more picturesque. It kills the dark-haired woman absolutely though, but it's the triumph of the Titian one. Where was I? Oh, yes, "*Mavourneen*." Well, the play itself is of the simple sort that soothes. It suits us just now—we are all re-learning simplicity of sentiment. We like things to be nice and pretty—and oh, not at all complicated: we want to give our brain a rest from the—other things.

That's what the management of the Court has realised; they are quite going away from the Grand Guignol in their choice of plays. We laughed a great deal at "*Patachon*" on Monday, and we are going to laugh some more. Have you never asked yourselves, though it might be of more use asking other people, why there is not a French theatre in London *pour de bon* (I don't know whether to translate that by "for good")—I mean, not for a month or two, on a flying visit, but a home for French plays and actors.

And, speaking of French and Belgians, I heard a very charming little speech the other evening at the Poets' Club at the Café Monico, when Mr. Emile Cammaerts

spoke of the difference in temperament between the English, French, and Belgian poets. Mr. Cammaerts contends that the English and the Belgians are more akin to each other, being both fond of tradition and homely, everyday things. Both are, he said, mystical and *sensualistes* at the same time; while the French are purely and more coldly intellectual. The English and the Belgian poets, according to Mr. Cammaerts, seem more appreciative of colour than the French, to whom form and line appeal before all things. But in my ignorance I say that, whatever his nationality, every poet is a Pagan.

This latter part is more specially intended for Lieut. E. S., who asks me whether I know "*Songe d'Ennui*." Why, I believe it was once read aloud in this very room by the author. Yes, of course I know Edmund John. Yes, I admire his verses, and his eyelashes too!



LIGHTS O' LONDON.

DRAWN BY G. E. PETÖ.

THE GIRL "HERO": A WAR-TIME PHENOMENON.



A STAGE USAGE WHICH WAR CONDITIONS HAVE EXTENDED FROM PANTOMIME TO REVUE: THE GIRL "HERO"—MISS BEATRICE LILLIE (ON THE RIGHT) AS LORD LIONEL LYONESSE AND MISS LEE WHITE AS MARGOT MAGEE IN "NOW'S THE TIME," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Owing, possibly, to the fact of a large number of actors having responded to the call of patriotism, there is a tendency to introduce that familiar feature of pantomime—the girl "hero"—into revue; so far as a revue may be said to possess a hero. A case in point is to be found at the Alhambra, where Miss Beatrice Lillie takes the part of Lord Lionel Lyonesse in various scenes of "Now's the Time!" Our

photograph shows her in the "Up the River" scene which opens the second act, playing lover to Miss Lee White. In this scene several good songs occur, including "The River Girl," sung by Miss White, and "Kentucky Home." It will be interesting to see whether the "girl-hero" fashion invades other theatrical territory, such as musical comedy.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



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THE ANTI.: I'm anti-aircraft.

THE PRO-REPRISAL CIVILIAN: Well, isn't it time you made it R.S.V.P.?



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Fashion's Bulletin—The Paris ateliers have given up their secrets; "No Change," and fashion's plans for the autumn and winter season are revealed. Speculation as to the possibility of unwelcome change has given place to the joyful certainty that we may still revel in the freedom of the short skirt and remain fashionable. There is still no ban on unveiled ankles, and no attempt to make a mystery of the understandings. Things, indeed, are all the other way. In the most go-ahead Parisian creation the skirt is still on the up-grade, and shows a pronounced tendency to unveil the knee. Nor is any tampering with the circumference of the hem permitted. To impose any restriction on the liberty of one's limbs is the one unpardonable sartorial sin.

Fashion and Economy.—The economists who raged furiously as the heathen against fashion in general, and fashions of the future in particular, and advocated a *réchauffé* of *passé* frocks and time-expired hats, are feeling rather small. There is so little for them to grumble at, after all. The fashion-makers have shown them a better way than the indiscriminate economy which is, after all, no economy at all. For people must be clothed somehow, and the surest way to encourage waste in dress is to force on women things they hate. But it is so easy to advocate thrift when its unpleasant consequences do not affect yourself, and it is, it seems, difficult to be logical and zealous at the same time. Fashion really took rather a neat revenge on her detractors when she launched a regiment of autumn modes showing, in essentials, no great deviation from their predecessors of spring and summer. There was the skirt,

short and full, which we learnt to love so quickly. There, too, was the frill, which has successfully fluttered its gay way through the summer. It is long indeed since the modes of one season have differed so little from those they replaced. Long, too, since individual taste has had such free play. Within certain broad limits, woman may dress as she pleases.

The Fanciful Frill.

Fashion makes up on the roundabouts. To launch new styles would have been extravagant. There remained

the alternative of evolving new methods of dealing with those that already existed, with the result that never have frocks exhibited such a bewildering variety of "treatment." Never, for instance, has the way of the frill been more tortuous. It clings round the knees; it climbs in giddy spirals to the waist; it flutters feverishly in front, or dives suddenly beneath the skirt, only to reappear abruptly at some other point; and quite frequently completes its adventurous career in a bustle-like waterfall down the back of the skirt it started to adorn. Of the bustle-frill, indeed, it is predicted that it will have to be reckoned with, and, as if that were not enough, there is a tendency to produce the bustle effect by a deft arrangement of the material from hip to hip.

A Novel Coat and Skirt.

general edict has been issued. For instance, the coat and skirt now to be seen is an entirely novel affair. It is practical, as all dress must be just now. It is smart, for women are unanimous in thinking that dowdiness, even in war-time, is unpardonable. It is

economical—blessed attribute—being equally suitable for town or country. The skirt is full, and owns to patch-pockets; the coat and its trimmings suggest Russian influence; and the whole is carried out in a Bordeaux shade of fine stockingette—a material the possibilities of which have hitherto remained unexplored as far as the tailor-made is concerned. The same material, too, forms the attractive house-coat, which is edged with soft brown fur, sketched here by Dolores. Similar coats and costumes may be had in dark-blue. An attractive suit of navy stockingette had a loose, full Norfolk coat trimmed with a double row of grey fur, which also provided the rather deep cape-collar. Other distinctive examples of these new tailor-mades may be seen in the salons of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, in Wigmore Street.

Captivating Wrap Coats.—At this house, too, very special care has been bestowed upon the wrap coat. It is a



A checked scarf, gives a chic finish to a tailor-made for country wear.

But what she loses on the swings

Fashion makes up on the roundabouts. To launch new styles would have been extravagant. There remained

very important rôle this season. Properly chosen, it covers a multitude of sartorial sins, and its assistance as an aid to economy is not to be lightly set aside. Beneath its charitable folds a time-expired frock may be worn with cheerful resignation. For the coat of the day is a very different affair from the old, rather ungainly garment, intended merely as a shield against cold. At its best, as in Wigmore Street, it is carried out in velvet, silk duvetyne, wool velours, and other fascinating materials. It exhibits the same affection for flare, flute, and frill as the frock—for which, indeed, in some guises, it might easily be mistaken. The scarves sketched are a popular feature. Of thick silk, they are to be had in a considerable number of regimental colours, and are an attractive finish to tailor-mades for country wear as well as a tender reminder of one who is doing his duty in the most noble way, and fighting for home and his womenkind as well as for his King and country.

"Fine stockingette—a material the possibilities of which have hitherto remained unexplored . . . forms the attractive house-coat, which is edged with soft brown fur."

THE CONSCRIPT !



"LOR', HOW I WISH I'D COME WHEN I WAS CALLED!"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE BOUNDER HAS A LESSON.

By PEG A. WAY.

"TALKING of bounders in a regiment," remarked Colonel Grainger, late of H.M. Indian Army, "I can give you an instance of getting the better of one. It's a long time ago now, when I was senior sub. in the 1001st. We were all feeling jolly pleased with ourselves that year—fine lot of men, and all of us officers were as thick as thieves. We'd done pretty well at a small show on the Frontier the year before, and won the polo tournament that year, beating the 102nd by one goal in the last chuckha. Then little Darcy, the junior sub., got cholera on a shooting trip, and snuffed out directly. I suppose we wanted worrying a bit; anyway, they sent us a chap—well, I'll call him de Vere.

"Minute I saw him I took a dislike to him. He'd been in some potty English line regiment." Here Fitzmaurice, of the 171st Fusiliers, sat up, and the other two men, who belonged to Indian regiments, laughed. "My dear chap," apologised Colonel Grainger, "I said a *potty* line regiment—which had been quartered near his native village, and his pa and his ma and all his adoring sisters, with their young lady friends, had thought him a little tin god on an ebony plinth. He was the star in the amateur theatricals, and pet pussy-cat at all their tea-fights.

"His father, as a matter of fact, must have had some sense (did a little wire-pulling—he'd been an Indian Civilian), and he got him transferred to us. If it had been to anyone else, it wouldn't have mattered, of course, but for us to have a half-baked, conceited country Cupid swaggering all he knew was too much. We didn't want an unhealthy outsider who couldn't realise that he was worse than raw material and gave more bother than all the generations of latest-joined put together.

"Well, when he'd been sworn at by the colonel, the majors, all the captains, and most of the subs., he did begin to get the hang of his work, but socially he got worse and worse. Couldn't understand a snub—wouldn't freeze even when chaps looked right through him and out the other side. Some sort of 'European descenters' got hold of him. He played Badminton with 'em, and made himself sweet to their family circle—same game he'd been playing at home, in fact.

"At dinner, whether it was guest night or not, he'd talk and talk and talk, always about himself—what he thought of this, that, and the other, particularly about his 'conquests.' According to himself, Don Juan was nowhere. We ragged him a bit; but, as I said, it wasn't any use, and we never got so far as man-handling him, though it might have come to that if . . . Anyway, all of us hated him, and at last Groyce, who was my great chum, thought he'd put a pretty effective stopper on him.

"The Colonel was on three days' leave at the time. He'd gone down to Bombay to meet the Memsaib, who'd stayed in England six months later than he had, settling her girls at a finishing school or something of the kind—anyway, she wasn't a chicken by any means. One night at mess de Vere was boasting worse than ever about his fatal attractions for the fair sex. Groyce, who was usually as silent as two or three models of the Taj Mahal, suddenly took him up.

"'D'you mean to tell me that any woman at any age would be attracted by you?' he asked in such an engaging way that the rest of us knew that something was up. There was a dead silence for a minute, and then de Vere started off on some story of how he had captivated an old J.P.'s wife at home.

"'You don't except married ones either, do you?' cut in Groyce.

"De Vere, in his usual objectionable way, gave us to understand that he did not by any means. 'Well,' went on Groyce, 'we're gettin' a bit sick of you as a soliloquist; it's about time you showed us what you can do if you try. I want to make a sort of bet with you. You've never met Mrs. Colonel, have you? Well, I'll give you three months to make a capture of her!'

"We all roared at that. 'During which time,' Groyce continued, 'you are not to give us any of your beastly anecdotes. If at the

end of that time you've failed, you're to come on a month's shikar with me.'

"There was another laugh at this: Groyce was as hard as nails, and had even worn out old Asmud Khan on his last shooting trip. However, of course, de Vere didn't know that. He was jolly keen to take the lady on, particularly when Groyce undertook to give him a gun or anything up to the value of fifty rupees if he succeeded in winning her affections. They both signed a bundobust made in writing, and appointed a committee of most of the rest of us to see that the game was played fair and to judge the winner when the time came.

"Well, Mrs. Colonel duly arrived, and de Vere went in for her hot and strong. She was a lady we had always looked on as the embodiment of all the virtues, chiefly because, though extremely handsome, she had a forbidding manner. Her nickname in the regiment was the Living Statue. Even her dog didn't care much for her, so there must have been something particularly repellent about her. Her dinners were the dullest, her tea-fights the stiffest, of the whole station—or any others we had ever been in. The Colonel was a model husband, as far as models go, though he lived for little else outside the regiment. What de Vere really thought of her I don't know, but he realised he'd a tough job ahead, and actually tackled Groyce.

"'I said any woman, you fool, not a walking stalagmite!' he remarked, with considerable show of indignation.

"Groyce offered to let him off if he would hold his tongue according to the conditions of the bet, making some pleasant remarks about de Vere's shirking; so, of course, the latter refused to give him best, and, as I said, went in hot and strong.

"He bought flowers for the lady in the bazaar—quite decent ones—took them to her for chota hazri, took her for rides, borrowed the chaplain's horse and trap and drove her to any show there was in the afternoon, hung round her at tea-fights, insisted on sitting out with her at dances, finally induced her to dance, till at last, after about a month, she began to take a motherly interest in him, and not only in him, but in the rest of us, which was most unpleasant. She actually offered to darn my socks one afternoon. I was wearing a dark-blue pair which my bearer had mended with pink cotton. I couldn't get out of it, because the beastly things showed up like a gun on the sky-line, and I got jolly well ragged by the other chaps afterwards.

"Then I went on six weeks' leave, so I never knew quite how things went after that, but I saw the result when I came back. The evening I arrived Fitzroy came to my quarters, and would tell me all about it while I was trying to unpack.

"'He's done it!' he announced, bursting into my room and falling over my pet Gladstone, which immediately burst open and shed the greater part of its contents on to my back, while I was wrestling with the stiff lock of my suit-case.

"'Whoever he is and whatever he's done, he can't have done more damage than you have, you blighter!' I remarked, slinging a clothes-brush at the intruder, which he dodged. Then I removed a pyjama suit which was hanging coyly round my neck and a tie which had cast itself over my head and was dangling over one eye. My remonstrances under the circumstances didn't make much impression on him.

"'De Vere, of course, you silly ass,' he said, plunging across my room and sitting on my bed, which gave way without any hesitation, as its custom was in moments of surprise. I showed little sympathy, but, giving my task up as a bad job, left it to the tender mercies of my bearer, and, extricating Fitzroy from the ruins of my bed, I dragged him out on to the verandah.

"'You mayn't believe it,' he said, 'but its dam' serious.'

"'What on earth are you talking about?' I asked, shaking him.

"'De Vere and the Colonel's Memsaib. Pyg—what's-his-name and somebody else—ain't in it. Instead of his hunting her, she is hunting him now. It ain't no joke—she's out for blood,

[Continued overleaf.]

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DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

and it looks as if it wouldn't be long now before she gets it. That's my idea. De V.'s got himself too tangled up to cast loose. The other day he tried to get on the sick-list, so as to escape the Rajput's picnic, but the woman went round and routed him out, and he had to drive her there, looking like a sick sparrow. Rogers overheard her at the show lamming into him for all she was worth.

"He listened quite a long time, Rogers did, because he said he thought she was reciting some operatic stuff—all about his not caring for her, because he was judging her by her exterior, which was old, and not by her inner self, which was as young as he was, and how he was responsible for having waked in her the divine spark. Sounds rather appropriate, don't it? And all sorts of awful rot like that. Rogers doesn't know what de V. said, because he suddenly realised he oughtn't to be listening. But he told me all he heard: he hasn't got over it yet. I can't help being sorry for de V. You'd be too, hard-hearted though you are—and though he is a bounder."

"I didn't know what to think at first, so, having got rid of Fitzroy, I tried to get the hang of it in my mind. It was pretty late then—about eleven—so I didn't know whether to go and interview de Vere or not. I decided not to in the end, and was just going to turn in when I caught sight of a figure coming from the Colonel's quarters towards mine, which I was sharing with a chap who was then away on leave. When he got nearer, I saw it was de Vere, but he was so changed that the sight of his face gave me a shock. He came up the steps very quietly, walking like a man in his sleep, and sat down on the nearest chair. He never said a word for a minute or two, and then he covered his face with his hands for a second, after which he began to speak, in a monotonous, dead level. Though it's years ago now, I can remember exactly what his voice sounded like.

"There's no earthly reason why I should confide in you," he said; "but I must tell someone or—" He paused, and then went on again. "Anyway, I'm going to tell you. Haven't a real friend in the regiment—or out of it, for that matter—so you'll do as well as anyone else. I'm going to bolt to-morrow, with *her*—just been fixing it up."

"He stopped me when I jumped up and told him not to talk rot.

"No rot about it, worse luck—only thing to do. I bet you and the other chaps didn't know what you were letting me in for—didn't know myself, for that matter, till it was too late. Things were beginning to get a bit serious when you went away on leave, but now—"

"He stopped again for a bit. 'I used to fancy myself acting at one time, amateur theatricals—that means acting for the love of the thing, doesn't it?' He laughed, and it made me feel as if a goose were walking over my grave to hear him. 'Well, now I've got to act without any love about it—on my part, anyway—for the rest of my life, world without end, Amen. Only it must have an end, or, by G—, I couldn't stand it! Fancy anyone acting Romeo, not only once or twice a day, but all his life, all day and every day. I've often read about actors getting strung up when they've done about a hundred performances of the same part. Think what I'll feel like.'

"He sat still without talking for a bit. I was feeling perfectly beastly—couldn't think of a word to say. He was getting on my nerves; he didn't get excited or anything—simply sat and talked quietly. 'I thought it rather fun at first,' he went on, after a while. 'I suppose, if I hadn't been the bounder you all take me for, I couldn't have laid it on so thick. Anyway, I've done it now.'

"Can't you explain to her it was all a mistake?" I said feebly.

"Explain? I tried it once—never had such an awful time in my life."

"I remembered what Fitzroy had told me about the picnic.

"So, you see," he added, "that's no good, and this sort of thing can't go on for ever. I'm going to cut and run, with her. I sent in my papers last week. She's been clamouring for me to take her away for weeks now. The Colonel's with the G.O.C. to-night and to-morrow, so now's our chance. We go early to-morrow morning. You might tell him when he comes back that it doesn't matter about a divorce or anything—*she* doesn't care."

Colonel Grainger paused a moment and looked thoughtful.

"As long as I live," he went on then, "I shall never forget how he said all this. To sit and listen to him was like having a nightmare of the fourth dimension. At last I tried to argue with him—swore it was all d—d nonsense, implored him not to mess up his career for a woman old enough to be his mother and who had

children as old as he was, and who must have had a screw loose to behave as she was doing. I told him the best thing he could do was to cut and run, alone.

"Good Lord," he said, "d'you think that would be any good? She'd hunt me all over the world, and beyond."

"I suppose that's why you haven't shot yourself before this?" I said sarcastically.

"Exactly," he answered so quietly that I felt inclined to shake him.

"But," he continued, "even supposing shooting myself did get me out of her clutches, that'd be no good; and I've got to make good for having been a bounder, and worse than that."

I pointed out that now he was going to the other extreme.

"Quite likely," he sighed; "but that's the only way I can take it, so it's no good your going on like this. I didn't come here to consult you—I just came to explain to you a little how things are, and so that you might understand that I'm trying to square things up."

I cursed him fluently, but it was no good—the beggar was about as amenable to argument as a country-bred stallion. Well, I kept at it for about an hour; and all the time I felt my dislike for the man getting stronger, and was wondering how the poor old Colonel would take it. Moreover, I couldn't get rid of the idea that the rest of us were almost as much to blame as the bounder himself, but I didn't let him know that. When I'd come to the end of my vocabulary and he still stuck to his point of view, he got up to go. I asked him then if he cared for the woman at all.

"Care?" he said, putting his face close to mine. "Care?"—and with that he turned and left me.

I went to bed feeling pretty sick. The whole business was so theatrical and bounderish—and the worst of it was there seemed no way out.

Next morning at four o'clock Fitzroy called me up.

"Come to the parade-ground, sharp!" he said.

I asked him why, but he only whistled and bolted; and then I remembered about the elopement. I didn't want to go, and wished my leave hadn't expired in time for me to be back for the finale of the wretched business; but, as it was evident that the rest of us were to be there, I just had to turn up.

I had hardly got there when I saw, in the distance, a man and a woman riding towards us—the guilty couple, of course. They had to pass the end of the parade-ground, and I urged the other fellows to clear off first.

Fitzroy answered for them, and said that they had come to be in at the death, and that nothing short of an earthquake would shift them. I felt beastly about it, but I stayed.

As the elopers came nearer de Vere caught sight of us and pulled up. He had been so busy talking to the lady that he hadn't noticed us before. He evidently funk'd the meeting, but she urged him on, and on they came again.

He looked more ghastly than ever, and when the fellows gave him a view holloa I thought he'd have fainted. But he rode on, apparently quite mechanically.

On reaching our little group Mrs. Colonel drew rein; de Vere at once stooped and caught at it, endeavouring to lead her horse on. But she was as cool as a cucumber, and, snatching the leather from his grasp, she wheeled round and faced us.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said. "Let me introduce to you an officer who thought his Colonel's wife sport for him. Good morning, Mr. de Vere; so sorry to disappoint you, but I prefer my husband, my children, and my honour to any bounder on earth. I hope this may be a lesson—"

She got no further. De Vere was galloping away as hard as his horse could take him, and that was the last we ever heard or saw of him.

Then the Memsahib talked to us, and the way she let herself go would have done the Colonel credit when he had one of his worst attacks of gout. She said a bit about our presuming to take her name so lightly, and other things to the same effect.

"If Captain Fitzroy hadn't come to me and confessed about the wager you made," she ended up with, "I should have thought even worse of you than I do; but for the sake of the dear old regiment I decided to give you, as well as the bounder, a lesson. I hope I have been successful."

Of course we grovelled, and I must say that the Memsahib was more human and sympathetic than we had ever supposed. She forgave us, and after that there wasn't a happier mess in all India than ours. And all through a bounder."



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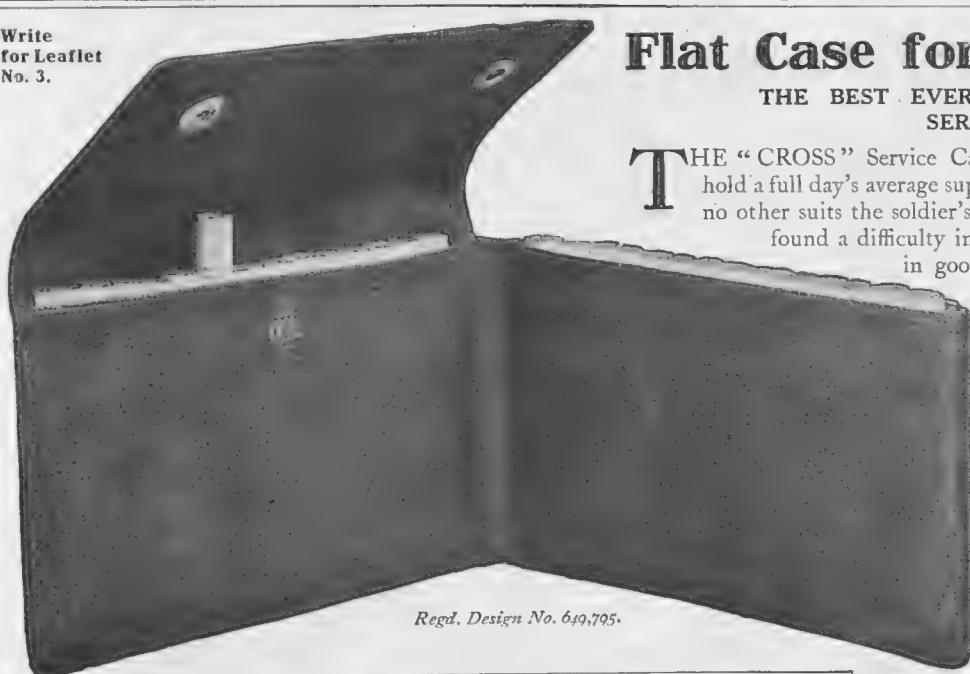
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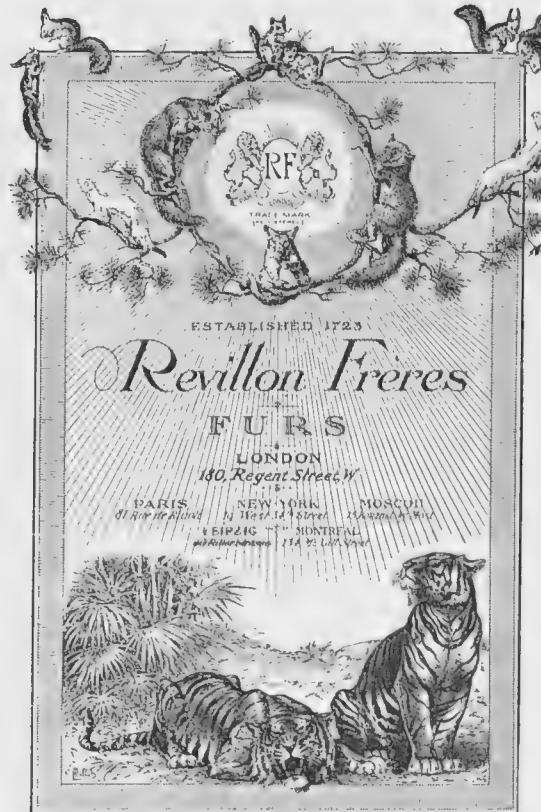
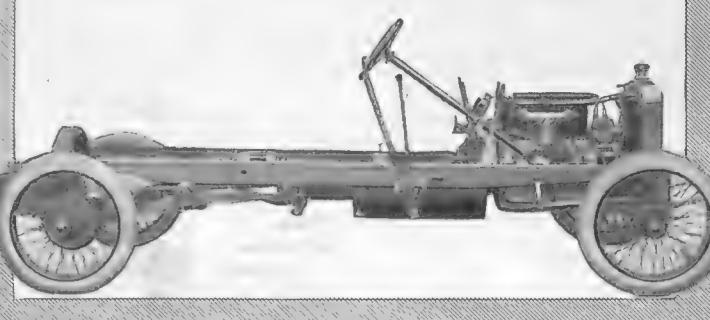
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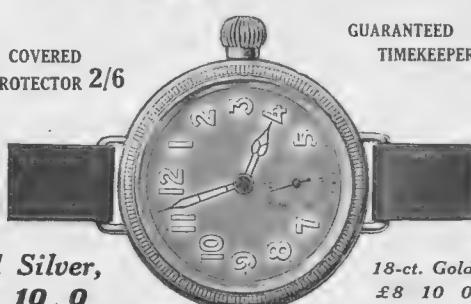
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The Ubiquitous Sunny Smile. Few things are more peculiar in these times than the way in which men and women of to-day come up smiling. Nothing seems to shake their complacency. No sooner have they gone down in the dark waters than we see their faces bobbing up again with the sunniest of smiles, for all the world like a chorus-girl on a picture postcard. It seems to be *chic*—"in England now"—to keep on grinning, however much without cause. Politicians with a Past and cherished Society personages show no sign whatever that they "feel their position." To judge from their demeanour under the camera, you would take them for conquering Cæsars wreathed with bays. Only Cæsar was more dignified. Neither in victory nor defeat did he think it necessary to "keep smiling." It is a modern craze, this desire to appear gay on all occasions, even when walking along the street like any undistinguished person.

The English and American Suffragists. The average sensible American must be both amused and annoyed by the attitude of the American Suffragist on the war. Compared with her English counterpart, she is a person of but one idea, and that is summed up in the word Alcohol. If she can but suppress what she generically terms "Rum," then, she thinks, will the Millennium be at hand. The conduct of Miss Jane Addams, for instance, compared with that of Mrs. Pankhurst and of Christabel, her daughter, is absolutely childish at such a crisis as this. This famous leader of the woman's franchise movement in America not only led a foolish pilgrimage to Europe to "stop the war," but when she failed, went home and told American audiences that European soldiers had to be "doped" with intoxicants before they could be got to charge with cold steel. Absinthe has been prohibited in France since September 1914, but, nevertheless, Miss Addams tells her countrywomen that this baneful drug is employed by the French Army to hearten their soldiers. Luckily for us, English Suffragists do not weaken their cause by such palpable absurdities as this. They have humour, and a sense of proportion.

Intimate Memoirs. One or two memoirs—printed for private circulation—have been passed from hand to hand of late. If such a booklet is well done, with love, tact, and discretion, it possesses a furtive charm, it makes its whispered appeal, in a way no published volume, with its puffs and advertisements, its sometimes manufactured vogue, can ever do. The private memoir is full of jokes and nicknames, extracts from family letters, bits of verses, revelations from diaries. Those who know the personages can fill in the picture. In this mode for Appreciations we are reverting to an eighteenth-century fashion. Just before the French Revolution dawned, there was a cult for friendship which could only have been equalled in the Athens of Pericles. No sooner did an eminent (or merely lovable) person die, than everyone wrote a panegyric on the departed. It must be owned they were inflated and stilted, and that it is difficult to read them to-day—even though the subject be that fascinating and enigmatic amorist, Mlle. de l'Espinasse. The modern "friend with a literary turn" can write a more engaging memoir than those turgid appreciations. One that has recently been printed about a gallant young Guardsman—son of a ducal house—is adorable in its absolute simplicity; just his jolly, brave letters home; a little poem he wrote when he was a child; the tribute of his Colonel and of his soldier-servant—and the rest is silence.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



A First-Rate Book.

is impossible for us to deal with it as a whole, to summarise it, in the limited space at our disposal. Let us, therefore, make a few extracts, choosing in more or less haphazard fashion items that are curiously informative.

Visible "Invisibility." First, the "invisibility" of uniforms in the field.

Mr. McCormick makes some startling statements. He speaks, for example, of "an exceedingly kind and courteous French officer, dressed in that new French grey, which I am sure is visible when nothing else on earth can be seen." And again: "As the motor raced on I had an opportunity to judge the comparative invisibility of the different uniforms. The Germans were in the new slate colour; the French escort in old, old blue coats and red trousers; the Colonel in the ringing steel-grey just adopted. First the Germans were merged with the mud of the street, then the soldiers (French), and after all had disappeared, long after, the French Colonel was plainly seen." Then as to the Russians: "I noticed how well their uniforms blended with the background"—the edge of a wood. He speaks of the Austrians as "clearly visible in their blue-grey uniforms, so badly adapted to modern warfare." Talking of dress, we may add the following note as to Mr. McCormick's drive to see the Emperor of Russia at Tsarskoe Selo: "The footman wore his hat fore and aft, but the coachman's peaks were on either side, to denote that royalty was not in the carriage."

Fortress Farm-Houses. Here is something about the Germans' preparedness for the war which they claim was forced upon them! General Yanouskevitch told of the German system of strategic farm-houses. "For years," he said, "the strategic points—not only in East Prussia, but in Poland—had been bought by German farmers and paid for through the military appropriation. Dwellings were erected that overlooked long stretches of territory in the direction of Russia; they were built with thick, fort-like walls on the eastern front, with small loop-hole windows, but with wide doors and windows and with thin walls towards the west. Many of these houses were connected by underground telephones, so that in the early stages of the war farmers could telephone from within the Russian lines to the German Headquarters. Early in the war Russian batteries carefully concealed would be struck by the first shell from a German gun."

Ever-fixed Bayonets; Boots. So to equipment or, its most important item, the weapon of the Russian infantry: "The Russian morale is based on the theory of bayonet fighting.... The Russian soldier lives and marches, retreats and charges and fires, with his bayonet always fixed on his rifle and fixed in his mind. Other nations remove the bayonet during fire fighting, as it interferes with aiming, both by weighting down the muzzle and throwing a reflection in the soldiers' eyes. The Russians have minimised these effects, however, by making the bayonet short and light, and blueing it like the barrel of a gun. It is almost invisible a few yards away." Another unusual point: "There is a Siberian regiment which stood in battle until, tradition says, blood flowed up to the boot-tops. This regiment is distinguished by a red band on the tops of the boots."—A most entertaining and informing book.

"With the Russian Army." By Robert R. McCormick, Major First Cavalry, Illinois National Guards. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 6s. net.)



A STALL-HOLDER AT A PATRIOTIC NEEDLE-WORK EXHIBITION: LADY MURRAY, WIFE OF LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD J. MURRAY.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1912, Lady Murray was well known as Miss Mildred Dooner. She is the daughter of Colonel William Toke Dooner, J.P., of Dilton Place, near Maidstone. She is to be a stallholder at the patriotic needlework exhibition which is being held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th. The exhibits—the work of women all over the country—are to be sold for the Red Cross funds.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF A PROMOTED GENERAL: LADY COWANS,

WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BECOME A MAJOR-GENERAL. Lady Cowans was Miss Eva Mary Coulson, and is the daughter of the Rev. John E. Coulson. Her marriage took place in 1884.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

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solid bedroom suites, complete, at 5 gs.; massive black and brass-
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artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.;
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style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses, complete, 45s.;
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drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-
room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto,
£8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen
Anne-design mantel mirror to match, 42s.; 18 luxurious Chesterfield
settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.;
magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid
sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid
overmantel, 30s.; extending dining table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.;
12 very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design, mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.;
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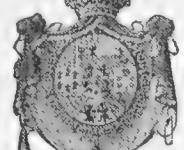
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



If We Are Dancing.

Never were there prettier and more appropriate dresses for dancing than now. If we are dancing this winter the girls will do it in beauty and in comfort. The skirts are so short and so full, and so light and ethereal, that it seems impossible not to dance when wearing them. Last winter there were quite a lot of small impromptu, but very enjoyable, dances. Men home on leave revelled in them, and so, of course, did the girls they left behind them and temporarily rejoined. No doubt there will be dances this winter, too. There is no better way of keeping spirits up, and we must never be pessimists. Of course, hostesses who give these hops do not talk much about them. "Some young people in for dinner, you know, my dear; and some others dropped in, and someone said 'A dance'; and they had a little bit of a hop," is a usual explanation of what, in pre-war days, would have been duly heralded and chronicled in several papers as a brilliantly attended dance. Well, times change, and we change with them: but youthful human nature loves a dance; and the girls in their net and tulle frocks, trimmed with ribbons, are made to be danced with—they are visions to be remembered when back in the dreary trenches!

The Favourite. Not a horse this time; but a winner in an unconscious race for real, right-down, genuine liking, whose name is Lady Helen Grosvenor, and whose fame is that she is just as lovable as she is lovely. No one has ever anything to say of her but pleasant things. The youngest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, she has gone a great deal into Society with her mother, Katharine Duchess of Westminster. Her popularity was apparent when she was very ill with brain-fever at the time her brother, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, was married, and a gloom was cast over the large circle in which she moved. When better reports came, relief was great. Her engagement, now, to a fine soldier, Captain Lord Henry Seymour, Grenadier Guards, heir-presumptive to his versatile brother, the Marquess of Hertford, gives great pleasure to all who know them both. Katharine Duchess of Westminster possibly feels it, because she will lose the companionship of a much-loved daughter, who has been with her through many trials.

Men and Women. A cold rage seems to possess nearly every man who speaks of the murder of Miss Cavell. It is said that the recruits, who poured in after the event, said they were enlisting in the hope of avenging her. Officers look stern and savage if the matter is mentioned in their presence. Women, on the other hand, take it as a matter of course that she did her duty, and say that she knew all along she had to face, not men, but brutes, and steeled herself to do it like a true Britisher. As a Christian, she forgave them, too; but her country people take the view that they are not called upon to forgive the trespass against her, but rather to be the instruments of that vengeance which belongs to God!

A Beautiful Environment.

Exquisite things should have beautiful surroundings: the jewellery, gold and silver plate and other handsome productions of Mappin and Webb have them in the new premises of the firm—173, Regent Street. The building is an ornament to that magnificent thoroughfare, and occupying as it does a prominent corner site, it is dignified and conspicuous. The style is Italian, conforming with the general design of the new Regent Street buildings being carried out on a scheme decided upon by the Crown. Marble and bronze treatment of the shop-front has proved very effective, and the windows, the full width of the site, are the largest in the street. The ground-floor showroom is pure Louis XVI. style, in oak, and frail, gilded ornaments of the period. The show-cases and furniture are after well-known French pieces of furniture of that time. The oak has been so treated that it reproduces the harmonious greyish tone characteristic of the Petit Trianon. There is a marble-and-gilt railed stairway to the basement, which is used as a fine showroom; lifts communicate with all the floors; and there are, besides the three fine show-rooms, spacious offices, stock-rooms, and polishing-rooms. The firm deserve sincere congratulation on the taste and beauty of their new premises, worthy of the fine reputation of their beautiful productions.



IN AUTUMN TINTS AND BLUE SERGE: PRETTY WINTER DRESSES.

The left-hand toilette is composed of a combination of charmeuse and velours, the lower part of the skirt being in a rich shade of brown velours, with the rest of the frock in bright Virginia-creeper red. The three little leather bands at the waist, and the lacing across the front of the bodice, in a shade to tone, give a pretty finish. The right-hand figure wears a more useful dress of Navy serge: it is fastened right up to the neck with fairly large white pearl buttons and ornamented with coloured embroidery, and has a hanging pocket slung through the belt. The skirt is very full, with four bands of black velvet on the hip-line.

nevertheless, greatly pleased with such wonderful testimony to the quality of their lamps.

The splendid courage of our Russian Allies has aroused so much admiration in our country that the united effort, under the chairmanship of Lady (Arthur) Paget, on "Russia's Day," Nov. 18, is sure to be hugely successful. Those who desire to aid in one direction or another can obtain particulars of the scheme by writing to Lady (Arthur) Paget, "Russia's Day," 5, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W. H.M. Queen Alexandra has given her patronage to the movement, as, too, has H.I.M. the Empress Marie Feodorovna. And their Majesties the King and Queen will attend a special performance. "Russia's Day" is to aid the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, the wounded in Russia, to provide ambulances, and to assist Russian prisoners in Germany.

Delicate but Strong. It is difficult to imagine, when examining the delicate metal filament of Osram lamps, that they would withstand the shock of a bomb from a Zeppelin, which demolished windows and doors, wrenched an iron safe from its position, and so badly injured a house that it has to be pulled down and re-built to render it safe to live in. Yet this was proved in the last raid; and two householders were so struck by the fact that they wrote to the General Electric Company, 67, Queen Victoria Street, to tell them these astounding facts. These experts were, however, not so greatly surprised, for they knew the strength of the Osram drawn-wire lamps, although they did not, perhaps, expect a whole dozen of 32-candle-power to come out intact from a partly wrecked house. They were,

nevertheless, greatly pleased with such wonderful testimony to the quality of their lamps.



A War Lesson

If there were still the lurking shadow of a doubt about *wool*-wear being the best wear, doesn't the marvellous health of our men in France and Flanders and the Dardanelles for ever set your mind at rest? Every man wears wool next his skin! And as surely as *wool*-wear is the best wear, so Wolsey is the best wool-wear. The comfort, the fit and finish, the service, the value of every Wolsey garment attests it, the world's record sales of Wolsey prove it. Make sure of your health and your economy; make sure to get Wolsey.

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The "ECIRUAM" GOWN (Registered).



Something entirely new, no fastenings, put on in a moment; can be worn at any time. A charming restand tea gown; can be used out of doors with coat or furs, and for evenings with or without coate. Very smart, the acme of comfort. Perfect as a maternity gown. Must be seen to be fully appreciated. The most useful and economical gown ever made. No fitting required.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

"BRIGHT LIGHTS," WHITEHALL, ZEPPELINS: POLICE LAXITY: AN IDEAL IN MOTOR-CARS.

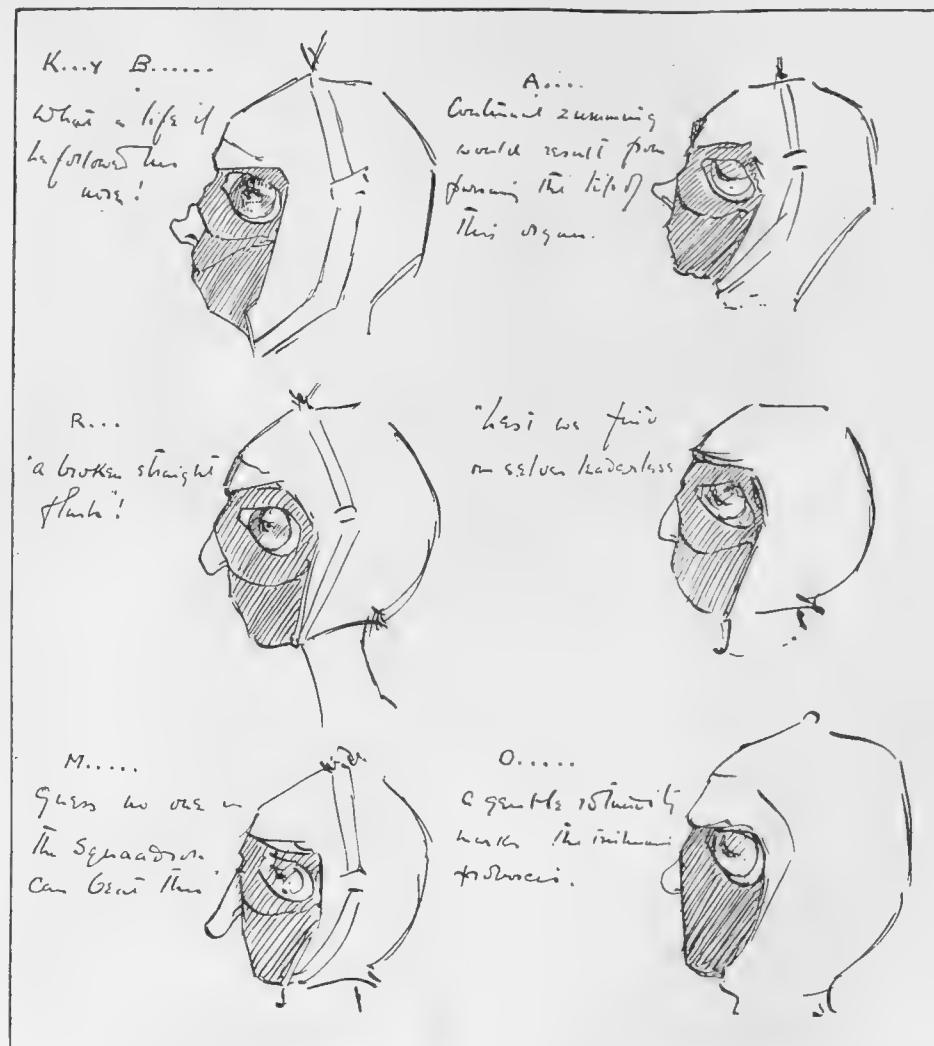
"Bright Lights in Whitehall"! Some quaint letters, of course, appear from time to time in the daily Press on the subject of Zeppelin raids and other topics which agitate the public, but it may be doubted if anything more foolish has been published than that of a correspondent of the *Times* who alleged that, on the night of the last raid, cars with powerful head-lamps aglow were flitting about Whitehall! He argued that the said lights would be visible from above at a height of over 14,000 feet, and all but insinuates that they actually drew the Zeppelins' fire. Apart from the fact that that would be so much the worse for the occupants, one cannot but contest the statement that brightly lit cars are allowed to run about the Metropolis. The police, in fact, are so stringent in this respect that one is positively afraid of showing anything above the merest flicker, lest some super-zealous "special" should allege that one was driving with a "powerful" lamp. As magisterial courts are held in daylight, there is no chance of proving aught to the contrary by ocular demonstration, and the policeman becomes *ipso facto* prosecutor and judge at one and the same time. As for a lamp being visible at an enormous height, it may be doubted if the beams would be visible at anything like the altitude named, even if the lamps were swivelled upwards; and it would be interesting to know how this could be effected in so public a place as Whitehall.

No! The **The Sinners Who Escape.** motorist is always suspect, and watched at every point. One could wish, indeed, that the police would be half as vigilant in other matters. I know a road in my own particular suburb in which there is hardly a house that has not been "burgled" of late. As for lights, the laxity that is displayed towards other vehicles than cars is nothing if not astounding. Bicycles without rear-lights, and occasionally without any light at all, are by no means uncommon; while horsed vehicles also seem to escape supervision. A few evenings ago I rounded a corner with extreme care, and only just avoided running into a milk-cart which was not only on the wrong side of the road, but had absolutely no lamps at all; and this was an hour after sunset! Only the following evening I saw a large carrier's van with an open top in which a white light was suspended. There was no tail-lamp, and anyone overtaking the van, especially if it were stationary, would have assumed that the light, when seen from the rear, was on the offside of the vehicle, and a collision would have been inevitable. In the same road I saw the driver of a cart holding a Chinese lantern in front, invisible from behind, and with no rear-lamp; and of two carts which I passed close together only the first had a red rear-light. Police vigilance, as

a matter of fact, appears to be altogether at a discount where horsed vehicles are concerned.

At Last! Almost one might imagine the Millennium at hand! A motor-manufacturing firm has actually had the courage to come forward with a new car, and one that is designed for the benefit of the owner-driver instead of the vendors of grease-cups and other inconvenient accessories. This extraordinary product hails from—as it happens—Belfast, and is built by the firm of J. R. Ferguson, Ltd., of that city, under the name of "the Fergus." How truly wonderful the car is, in respect of fulfilling its main object, is fully set forth in the

Autocar of Oct. 23 and 30, and the long and detailed descriptions and explanatory drawings are calculated to make the much-harassed private owner fairly sing for joy at the prospect which is therein unfolded. The merits of the chassis as a mechanical product are, of course, a separate concern; what is specially to the point at the moment is that the Fergus is so designed that it has not a single grease-cup to be filled, or joint to be lubricated, any oftener than once in six months, and many parts are automatically lubricated by the engine or other means. The only operations to be performed, in fact, are those of seeing to the petrol-tank, radiator, and engine-sump. All the steering-joints, for example, are lubricated from oil contained in the steering-tube, which holds a six-months' supply; the brake-shaft, bearings, and joints have also their own reserve; the front-wheel bearings only need to be filled with grease twice a year; the gear-box is automatically replenished from the engine; the rear-axle is self-lubricating, as also are the universal joints, the clutch and



A RECOGNITION CHART! NOSES AS GUIDES TO IDENTIFICATION OF AIRMEN.
Here we have some sketches of flying officers by a flying officer, who suggests that, as our airmen are so much muffled up for protection against the cold, these drawings may be used as an identification chart, the wearers of the masks and head-coverings being identified by their noses!

brake pedals, the spring pins and leaves, too numerous to mention. Nothing so interesting has been seen for many a long day, and one can imagine the furor the Fergus car would make if only the Olympia Show came round this month, as usual.

A Useful Manual: An immense number of car-owners now use the C.A.V. electric-lighting outfits and self-starters, and all will welcome a new manual which Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co. have just issued. As its title implies, it provides a practical series of "Running Instructions," which, for my own part, as the owner of a complete C.A.V. outfit, I expect to find very helpful. It is true that I have never had a moment's trouble with any part of the system during ten months of use, but, if the unexpected should happen, I shall feel in a better position to deal with any contingency that may declare itself, as the manual is clearly worded and its value enhanced by various illustrations.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"MAVOURNEEN" hardly seemed to be like a *première* at His Majesty's, for Sir Herbert, of course, was not in the cast, many of the faces of the first-nighters were strange in the theatre, and the piece did not seem exactly within the style of His Majesty's, although that playhouse has seen great variety in its time. Still, there was something like the usual enthusiastic reception, a great proportion of the applause being, however, for Miss Lily Elsie. It would be interesting if on every new production we could have a short history of the play showing its origin and objects. One might almost guess that Mr. Parker wrote "Mavourneen" for Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, and that the latter did not see himself in the small part of the sweetheart. Mavourneen herself, otherwise Lady Pat, might tempt any actress, but is a rather heavy burden for a player of little experience in such a kind of character. Miss Elsie, despite talent and charm, hardly filled it on the stage—indeed, in the second and third act it would have been wise to take advantage of the fact that she was one of the Queen's women and dress her in black, so as to assist her in standing out against the others. We are a very faithful nation to our favourites, and so Miss Elsie dancing with bare legs, and later on exhibiting them to the Court in stockings, and wearing breeches as a boy, and fighting duels, and making energetic repartees to courtiers who fenced very badly with their tongues, and lecturing King Charles II. on morality and conjugal fidelity, reducing that cynic almost to tears by her eloquence, and displaying emotion, and using a brogue sounding suspiciously like an imitation of Miss Laurette Taylor—fascinated the audience, or most of it. Therefore, it may not matter very much that the play is not exactly strong, that the characters are mostly cardboard, and that there are patches of dialogue which might well be replaced by songs and dances without the commission of any crime against art. And, of course, we had scores of gorgeous dresses and some vastly pretty scenes. The Charles of Mr. Malcolm Cherry, if quite good as the customary stage figure, hardly suggested the Stuart of history—who never does figure in romantic drama. Mr. C. V. France was charming as the Irish priest, though I doubt if the Dublin players would accept his brogue. The Pepys of Mr. Edward Sass was good in its way—hardly the way of the diarist; and one may chronicle useful work by Miss Alice Crawford, Miss Dorothy Parker, Messrs. Gerald Lawrence, Gayer Mackay, and Ben Field.

Two more new farces during the week—"Stop Thief," at the New Theatre, and "A Little Bit of Fluff," at the Criterion, the one from America, the latter home-made. "Stop Thief" is the kind of

piece that tries to be *fortissimo* from beginning to end, and one longs for an occasional descent to the *piano*. Of course, *ff* all the time is not *ff* at all, since *ff* is merely relative—a fact which playwrights often refuse to recognise. In "Stop Thief" you have the crook, the stupid detective, the arrogant police officer, the revolver, and the safe common to American plays at present, and the exact nature of the manipulations of the puppets puzzles me. I don't know even now whether two important characters were really kleptomaniacs or not—and I don't care. It is a noisy, whirling kind of thing, suggesting an exaggerated music-hall sketch, and it caused a good deal of laughter. A charming piece of acting by Miss Gertrude Lang; and clever work by Messrs. Percy Hutchison, Frederick Volpe, and Sydney Paxton.

"A Little Bit of Fluff," by Mr. W. W. Ellis, is a cleverer work, more entertaining and less fatiguing; moreover, though mad enough and utterly irresponsible, it really has some character and a little freshness, there is lots of laughing matter in the play, and some with a little novelty. No doubt the fun gets beaten out thin, but that is because there are three acts instead of two. It may be noticed that even with three the author leaves some of his chief characters in a hopeless mess, which really is rather daring nevertheless. The swift fall of the curtain is better than the jejune explanations generally offered. We regretted sincerely that illness kept Mr. James Welch out of the cast. His part was very well played by Mr. George Desmond. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, occasionally too slow, was genuinely comic in an elaborate picture of a good young man. The chief ladies were Miss Marjorie Maxwell, who played quite pleasantly, and Miss Ruby Miller, a lively lady of some talent. Messrs. Lathbury and Drayton deserve to be mentioned.

The very name of a rest-gown has soothing suggestions in these strenuous days, and its growing popularity is not surprising. Very special care has been given to the production of a perfect rest-gown by Mr. Maurice, of 43, South Molton Street, W., and the outcome, the "Eciruam" gown, leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. No fastenings are needed, the crossed fronts of the corsage keeping the gown in position, while adding to its charm by giving opportunity for picturesque adjustments of the tasseled ends. The "Eciruam" can be worn in or out of doors, and can be had in soft satin of a dark shade for day wear, or in grey or rose for evening. Mr. Maurice has designed a dainty nimon coatee to wear with the gown if desired. "Eciruam" is an ideal maternity gown. It costs 3½ guineas in satin, or a little more in velvet. The nimon coatees cost from 32s. 6d.



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Precipice."

By GONCHAROV.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Goncharov was one of those nineteenth-century Russians, the preface tells us, who gathered around the editor of a great Russian review, among whom were also Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. "The Precipice" is a characteristically Russian story, with a background significant of and sensitive to the subject. Of course, it is a story of temperament. A charming frame is afforded by the country estate which lies on a precipice. The precipice overhangs a little town built on the plain beside a river which widens in winding and bears in the distance big ships. Within this frame a family group of aunt and orphaned nephew and nieces exhibit the traits of race, the tricks of national thought and feeling, which are becoming more or less familiar to the Western world, thanks to that famous group of novelists. Raisky, the charming Raisky, is a type possible in all countries, but more probable to Slavonic or Celtic races than to Saxon or Latin: a man who lived loosely with the Muses, wedded none, to whom the universe itself appeared as a mistress in an attitude of eternal seduction. Did a schoolmate take to the violin, Raisky was enchanted—Raisky would also be a musician. The drawing-class sowed the seeds of purpose towards another art: Raisky would become a painter. Poetry beckoned, the novel lured him, and the close of the story sees him off to Rome, convinced that his gift lay in comprehending beauty—in giving it, as a sculptor, models of clear and lovely form. An astonishing brilliance carried him in all these pursuits far, but not far enough. He lacked, one might say, the egoism of the artist, for he was the most delightful relation and the best friend and a very perfect lover. Egoism is reserved for the self-constituted rebel who wars with society behind all the philosophers of his doubtfully come-by library. He, too, is Russian in essence, though the impudent audacity of his crude thinking recalls Bernard Shaw, a Bernard Shaw hustled into a powerful, greedy body that quite obliterates any Shavian charm. As for the aunt, Tatiana, no novelist has achieved a more lovable expression of the Russian gentlewoman.

"Victor
Victorious."

By C. STARR JOHNS.

(The Bodley Head.)

Well might Victor Victorious modestly remark, "Luck had been mine all through my life."

After an education conducted by various delightful persons, on lines that might give Rousseau to think and Chesterfield to applaud, thorough enough, also, to appease a German professor, Victor's stepfather took him aside and remarked, "Now don't forget, I want

you to spend money, as much as you like; ten, thirty, fifty thousand pounds, if you wish—if you spend twice that sum I shouldn't feel it." And when, the grand tour with his tutor drawing to a close, a certain little Eastern kingdom was suggested to which Victor belonged by birth, though bred in England, he had hardly arrived and felt the need to reform and recreate his nation, along with the misery of the *impasse* made by the wicked old usurping monarch, than the monarch fell a-dying and Victor's family owned up that Victor was the rightful heir. Birth-marks, a faculty for kingship almost miraculous, and the inheritance of untold millions from the American stepfather, now dead, supplied all the passports necessary to a throne. He found a devoted people, to whom he was ever displaying himself in some attractive rôle. He gave his kingdom a constitution built on lines all out of his own head, as the children say; he fought and won a war against an aggressive neighbour by means of super-political foresight as much as by daring gallantry; he even managed his Press without a hitch; and wandering, romantically disguised by a clean shave, across the borders of his erstwhile enemy, wooed and won the Princess of that thereafter faithful ally. These chronicles and many details thereto may be followed in the novel called "Victor Victorious," and very well called, too.

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